

Harry Potter and the Total Betrayal.

Chapter 1 - Collecting what's mine.

It was dark and cold. The man pulled the remnants of his clothes tighter around his body to ward off the chill. He stared at the wall in front of him and used his sharp nail to scratch another line in the stone. If he counted the lines they added up to five thousand eight hundred and forty four.

Sixteen years.

Sixteen years he had been in this hell they had condemned him to. They, being the people he had trusted.

Just over sixteen years ago, he had returned from a day at Hogsmeade. He had spent most of it alone, up by the shrieking shack as he mulled over what had become of his life. If he had been able to see into the future he would never have said his life was bad that day, as, compared to what it was about to become, it was heaven.

One person had spoken with him that day, everyone else skirting him just as they had been for the last year. One had seen him up by the shack and come to talk to him. They had spoken for several hours. Mostly it had been him talking, the other just listening but it had been nice. It had helped slightly

When Sirius had died the previous summer that had been the end. The end of his innocence. After that he decided he was no longer going to be the pawn. The good little saviour was gone, and in its place was a dark and brooding young man whose powers were growing in direct relation to the knowledge he was soaking up. The Headmaster had watched the transformation with growing distress. Everything he had planned over the last sixteen years was falling apart. The pliable little boy was gone. No longer could the old wizard send him blindly into situations just to test him. He had tried it several weeks ago less than two months before the end of his sixth year and it had backfired. Instead of him rushing to save his friends and in the process show the Headmaster and the members of the Order just how much he had learnt over the last year, a year spent mostly reading in the library or training inside the forest where none could

see, he researched the little clues the old man had left and then alerted the Aurors.

Dumbledore was at a loss. They needed Harry. They needed him to have an almost blind faith in them. A poster child for the light that could think for himself was not good. He worried that Harry may decide he had enough of the horror around him and leave or, god forbid, he joined the Dark Lord. The last scenario was extremely unlikely but it was what the Headmaster told the Minister. When the Dursleys had been attacked that Saturday it had been a godsend and he had began planning. Barely any of the staff or students had seen the young man in Hogsmeade that day and only one had spoken to him up at the shrieking shack. Thankfully, he was someone no one would believe.

The Aurors arrested him the minute he stepped into the great hall. He was half an hour late for dinner and most took just that as a sign of guilt. The Minister was there reading him his rights and just before he was portkeyed away, proclaiming his innocence loudly, he saw the looks of hurt, betrayal or, oddly enough, victory on almost all the faces in the hall. The third emotion had confused him at the time but when he had it explained to him several days later he understood.

He had been held in confinement at the Ministry for three days before a swift, closed trial and a one way ticket to this hell on earth. His musings were interrupted as he felt the cold wash over him. The dementors glided closer and several thoughts flashed at the edge of his mind, but the effects of old, before he had come to this place were muted. He knew why. That had also been explained to him that day in the holding cell at the Ministry. The same day he found out that the people he had trusted most, his mentor and family had betrayed him. Most important of all he had found out why.

He hung his head as the Dementors moved away, listening as the swishing of their cloaks became softer. He huddled further into the corner and fell asleep.

Several hours later he was awoken by a sound he thought he might never hear again. Footsteps. He could also hear talking but it was too

soft to make out. The footsteps came to a stop outside his cell. And he finally heard what they were saying.

‘But Albus, what if he doesn’t forgive us?’

‘Arthur, there is nothing for him to forgive. He didn’t know the truth. We will just tell him we made a mistake and that we are sorry. Tell him it wasn’t our fault. It will take some time but he will forgive us for that.’

‘But he has been here for sixteen years. You know how the dementors used to affect him. What if he has gone insane? How will he defeat You-Know-You?’

‘He only has to throw the curse, Arthur. We can do the rest. We can pull him back from the edge enough for that. Afterwards I’m sure St Mungo’s will take him.’

Inside Harry was bristling. He knew who these people were and he knew what they wanted. Obviously they had been unable to kill the Dark Lord over the last sixteen years and were now turning to their only hope. His eyes took on a glazed look as he heard the door open.

‘Harry. Harry, can you hear me?’ came the soft voice of Albus Dumbledore. Harry ignored it.

‘Harry look at me.’ Harry snorted inwardly. If the old man thought he was going to respond to that he had another thing coming.

‘Let’s get him back to Hogwarts.’ Arthur suggested. Harry had to stifle a flinch as Albus nodded and pointed his wand at him.

‘Stupefy.’

‘Albus, was that really necessary?’ Arthur questioned. The Headmaster shrugged and levitated Harry’s body out the door and along the hall. Harry watched through glazed eyes as he was floated up and out of the prison. His eyes burned fiercely when he finally got out into the light and Arthur saw the tears pouring from his eyes. Something seemed to click and Weasley family patriarch placed a scarf over his eyes. He felt them move towards the water and climb

into a boat. He felt it move across the water and bump into the dock on the other side. He felt him levitated out of the boat before a portkey whisked them away.

'These are your rooms Harry.' Dumbledore said kindly. 'You have a bathroom through that door. Feel free to summon a house elf for anything you might need. Someone will come and escort you to dinner at six.' With that said the headmaster left the room.

Harry looked around him as if in a trance, he noticed several portraits looking at him curiously. He knew that each and every one would be reporting back to the old crone exactly what went on in this room. Without taking the expression off his face he surreptitiously Obliviated and then emptied the portraits of their occupants before sealing them. He was sure that Dumbledore would find them eventually but Harry had no intention of being here by then. He then threw off the glazed expression and wandlessly sealed the room. He pulled himself further up the bed from where he had been placed before falling into a light trance.

'Father.' he called out in his mind.

'Son?' he heard in reply.

'Yes, it is I.'

'Oh it is so wonderful to hear from you. It has been too many months.' This came with a warm feeling Harry could discern as love and joy.

'I am at Hogwarts.'

'Is that so?'

'Yes, we need to decide what we are going to do.' The conversation in Harry's head continued for another fifteen minutes before he woke from the trance. Rising slowly he walked towards the bathroom. He had made sure he exercised while he was in prison. He knew he would get out one day. His father had visited him every few months telling him what had been going on. He knew that the old crone would come for him eventually. After an extremely long shower and a shave he felt more normal, putting on the new clothes that had been left in

the wardrobe for him. He noticed the tray the house elves had left as he came out but he only managed a small amount of pumpkin juice and half a sandwich before he was full.

Glancing over at the clock he saw it was about six hours until dinner and he decided a nap would help him regain the strength he would need for the night.

He heard the knock what felt like minutes later.

‘Wait.’ He called out. Glancing quickly he saw the six hours had already passed. He swore softly picking his robes up and crossing to the door. When he opened it he saw his old head of house standing before him. It took all of his self control not to tell the woman to sod off, but he wasn’t sure if she had even known what the old man had done.

‘Yes, Professor?’ he asked sullenly.

‘I am here to escort you to dinner, Mr Potter.’ she said softly, her eyes filled with tears.

‘Just a moment.’ Harry said gruffly, crossing the room and closing the bathroom door behind him. He leaned against the sink and took a deep breath.

‘Son, are you okay?’ the concern came flooding through him.

‘Father, yes. Thank you. McGonagall just arrived and it was a shock to see her again.’

‘Looking older, is she?’ Harry could feel the chuckle in his own mind.

‘Just a bit. Sixteen years is a long time.’

‘Are you sure you are ready to do this?’ the concern again.

‘Yes. I just want to get out of here.’

‘I’ll be waiting.’

‘Thanks.’ Harry finished the conversation, splashing water on his face and walked back out of the room.

‘Ready.’ McGonagall asked softly. Harry nodded and they left the room, heading towards the great hall.

‘Do you realise that school is still in session?’ Harry stopped and looked at her.

‘You’re kidding.’ he whispered.

‘I’m sorry Mr Potter. Everyone knows of your innocence. The Daily Prophet has been reporting it for over a week.’ Harry swallowed heavily and nodded as they continued.

Much sooner than Harry had anticipated they reached the huge oak doors and Minerva pushed them open. The entire hall fell silent as Harry and the transfiguration professor walked in. Harry stopped just inside the doors and looked around. The hall hadn’t changed at all except for the faces. New ones filled the student tables and a few of the old student faces now sat up at the head table. Dumbledore was still in the middle, currently standing up, next to him was an empty chair, obviously waiting for the elderly witch next to him. He walked slowly up the centre aisle, hearing the whispers but ignoring them as he took in the new professors sitting in front of him.

To the left of Dumbledore sat a familiar pair. Bushy brown hair sat beside bright red. The looks of sorrow and remorse crossing both faces made Harry smile inwardly.

‘There have been a few changes since you left.’ McGonagall said from his left.

‘Mr Weasley took over from Madame Hooch and Miss Granger-Weasley is now Professor for Ancient Runes.’ Harry nodded and glanced down at the other end of the table. At the far end sat Severus Snape who looked back at him with a slight smirk. Next to him was another familiar face.

'Mr Malfoy is the assistant potions professor. He is training to be a master under Severus.' Minerva added. Harry snorted slightly, shocking those in front of him.

'Harry, we have a seat for you here?' Dumbledore gestured to the vacant seat next to Hermione. Harry snorted again.

'You can't honestly think I am actually going to sit down and eat with you, do you?' he asked incredulously. 'After what you did?' Albus swallowed slightly.

'Harry, he made a mistake. We all did. Please forgive us.' Hermione pleaded. Harry laughed.

'You certainly did. But what he did was no mistake. What he did was ruin my life on purpose and if he thinks I will forgive him, be thankful he came and got me out of that hell that he put me in in the first place, then it's obviously him that has been spending too much time with the dementors. I'm not the insane one in this room.' Harry spat, pointedly glaring at the man in front of him. He calmed slightly as he heard his father saying soothing words in his head. 'I only came to collect what's mine.' he continued. Harry glanced over to the far end of the table.

'Are you ready to go, Father?' he asked softly. Snape nodded and stood, coming around the table to stand beside his son. The looks of complete shock from nearly all at the table was interesting to say the least. The students behind them were hanging on every word.

'Severus?' Dumbledore was looking between the two men in front of him in shock. 'What is going on?' Severus exchanged an amused glance with the young man beside him.

'Thank you for returning my son to me Albus but we have somewhere else to be.' With that Severus wrapped an arm around Harry's shoulders and they turned and walked towards the doors.

'I'm afraid I can't let you do that.' The headmaster's voice carried right through the hall and the doors slammed shut in front of them. Harry spun back to face him, only his father's comforting hand on his

shoulder stopping him from stripping the very flesh from the old wizard's bones.

'I'm sorry, Professor,' Harry said sarcastically. 'But you have no say in the matter.' Without even looking that them, Harry held up his hand towards the doors and with a bang, they were thrown from their hinges. Several students screamed.

'Do not test me, old man.' Harry growled. 'You have no idea what I can do.' That said the two men walked swiftly towards the entrance. Just as they reached the doors Harry turned once more and locked eyes with Ron.

'If you want to know the truth, Weasley. If you want to know what your precious Head of the Order of the Phoenix did, ask your father. Oh, and tell him not to lie this time.' Harry turned and both men disappeared out the door. It was the last anyone saw of them for almost a year.

'Well, that didn't go quite as I had planned.' Albus muttered. 'Meeting in the staff room. Ten minutes.' he said out loud. Rising and walking swiftly from the room.

When the rest of the staff, having left dinner together, walked into the staff room they saw Albus standing in a corner talking with Fudge and Arthur Weasley in urgent tones.

'Albus, what is going on?' Minerva asked.

'Please sit down. I will explain everything.' The rest of the staff sat and waited. Hermione and Ron together on one sofa. Minerva, Remus and Flitwick on the other. Hagrid leaned up against the wall with Trelawney and Sinistra and Draco sprawled in the armchair near the door.

'Go on.' Remus encouraged.

'Now, what I have to say stays in this room. I want a wizards oath from each and every one of you.' The headmaster told them. Several glances were exchanged until one by one they nodded and swore out loud.

'Harry never killed the Dursleys. He was set up.'

'We know this Albus, It has been in all the papers. The Death Eaters did it.' Hermione said firmly. Albus shook his head and glanced at Fudge who was standing next to him.

'Yes the Death Eaters did kill them.' Albus admitted. 'But they didn't set Harry up. We did.' he said sadly.

'WHAT?' Hermione, Ron and several others all screamed at once.

'It was done so quickly I didn't really think. One minute I found out the Dursleys were dead and the next Harry was in Azkaban.'

'Why?' Ron ground out.

'He was getting out of control. He was training in secret and know one knew what he was doing. He wouldn't talk to you, he wouldn't talk to me.'

'He was obviously talking to Severus.' Remus said wryly.

'You all saw what he did to those doors without even a wand.' Albus said in his defence. Hermione stood up and glared at the man in front of her.

'So because you couldn't control him, couldn't control your little puppet, you thought it best to lock him away, in Azkaban no less. A sixteen year old boy. **WHAT ON EARTH WERE YOU THINKING?**' she screamed. Ron quickly stood up and placed his arms around his wife, settling her back down beside him.

'Dad?' Ron said softly. 'Was it worth it?' Tears made there way down his face.

'No.' Arthur said equally as softly.

'What I can't understand is why Harry was calling Severus his father.' Minerva queried. 'We know James Potter was his father. He was the spitting image of him.'

'Or why, after being exposed to dementors for sixteen years he showed no signs of it. He was as sane as you or I.' Remus added.

'Yes, that does bear scrutiny.' Albus pondered. Draco snorted. 'Mr Malfoy, do you have something to add.'

'You really have no idea?' he asked, idly inspecting his fingernails. Albus shook his head. Draco snorted again and shook his head. 'Severus was right. You are an idiot. There is only one reason Harry would call Severus, Father, and only one reason the dementors would no longer have an effect on him. And they are both the same reason.' Draco watched as the Headmaster paled.

'I see you figured it out.' he chuckled. 'That's right. Severus Turned him.'

'Oh my lord.' Albus breathed, dropping into the nearest seat. 'Oh my lord.' he repeated.

'Albus? Albus, what on earth is he talking about?' Fudge hissed, shaking the Headmaster's shoulder. Albus shook his head and looked up at the Minister.

'He Turned him. Severus Snape is a Vampire.' he said softly.

There you have it. The first chapter of my new story. What do you think? I told you it had a twist.

Chapter 2 - Mistakes

Harry and Severus walked quickly from the school. The minute they were outside the wards Severus wrapped his arm around his son and apparated them away. Harry looked around him in wonder as they appeared. The room they were in was large and airy. Which was good as Harry didn't think he could stand another small dark space. The failing light was coming through the window, reflecting off the wooden table and chairs nearby. Harry took in the pictures hanging on the wall and the two soft beds against each wall and smiled. He turned as he heard a chuckle near by.

'Where are we?' Harry asked quietly.

'In Devon.' Severus replied. 'The ferry to France is only minutes away, but I thought you may want to rest tonight so I had Draco organise this for us.'

'Draco?' Severus nodded. 'Does he know?'

'Yes, he knows everything.' Harry didn't say anything for several minutes, instead staring out the window at the setting sun.

'Harry?' Harry started slightly when he felt arms wrap around his shoulders. 'Son, it will be alright.' Harry smiled and turned to face his father.

'I know,' he whispered.

'Are you hungry?' Severus asked, smirking slightly. Harry nodded, his eyes instantly brightening. 'Go ahead then.' Harry waited breathlessly as his father tilted his head to one side. Moments later Harry felt his fangs grow, just before he plunged them into the other's neck.

'I can't believe this.' Hermione ranted, pacing in front of the fireplace. 'I can't believe Albus would do this.' The staff meeting had finished hours ago. Each member of staff retiring for the night, their minds racing as they went over what had just transpired.

'We need to talk to Draco.' Ron said suddenly. 'He obviously has some idea of what is going on.' Hermione nodded and grabbed her

cloak and the two headed off towards the dungeons. The snake guarding the portrait to Draco's rooms hissed as Hermione raised her hand to knock.

'Master Draco is not here.' is told her.

'Can we wait for him, please. It's very important.' Hermione pleaded. The snake seemed to consider her request for several moments before nodding. The portrait swung open and the two walked in. Having been in Draco's rooms before they knew not to touch anything, instead sitting quietly on the sofa to wait.

'I will ask you one more time, Mr Malfoy.' Albus said ominously. 'Do you, or do you not, know where Harry and Severus have gone?' Draco, sprawled in a chair in front of the headmaster's desk, just raised an eyebrow sardonically.

'I think that would be Mr Potter to you Headmaster.' he drawled.

'DRACO.' Albus yelled.

'Enough of this.' Fudge spat. 'Get some Veritaserum.' Draco rose quietly and walked towards the door.

'Veritaserum is not legal in this case, Minister.' Draco hissed. 'And you know it. I have done nothing wrong. Severus and Harry have done nothing wrong.'

'Severus Turned a student. Something he gave a wizards oath never to do.' Albus practically yelled.

'No he didn't.' Draco yelled just as loudly. 'Harry was no longer a student. You had expelled him two days prior. Stop kidding yourselves. You are the ones at fault here, use the serum on yourselves.' He opened the door and walked through poking his head back. 'Oh and to answer your first question, I don't know where they are right now and even if I did, I would most certainly not be telling either of you.' Draco slammed the door shut behind him and fumed all the way back to his rooms.

Hermione and Ron practically hit the roof as Draco came barging his way onto his rooms and slammed the door behind him. He stalked across the room to pour large shot of scotch, knock it back and pour another, muttering about interfering old bats all the while.

'Um, Draco.' Hermione said hesitantly. Draco whipped around, the glass falling from his hand and shattering on the stone floor.

'Mother of Merlin.' Draco breathed, clasping his chest. 'Don't do that.' he waved his wand to repair the glass and clean the mess.

'Sorry.' Hermione said sheepishly as she and Ron glanced at each other nervously. Draco had turned his back on both his father and the Dark Lord shortly after Harry was taken away. Over the years the three had learned to respect each other. There wasn't a whole lot of trust but this might be a turning point. Then again, maybe not.

'Draco, can you tell us what is going on?' Ron asked tentatively. Draco sighed, realising that they should probably know just who it was they were working for and what they had done to their old friend. He glanced up at the two portraits in the room, pointing his wand to clear them and seal them, just as Severus had shown him.

'I will tell you some of it. Some I cannot tell without Harry and Severus' permission.' Hermione and Ron nodded quickly and Draco took a deep breath.

'As you know Severus is a Vampire. It is something that only Albus, I, and I believe, Harry knew. Although I'm not exactly sure when Harry found out.' he began. 'Now remember Albus said that Harry had been training alone in the forest?' The two avid listeners nodded again.

'Well, he wasn't training alone. Severus was with him. Bear in mind, that I only found out about all this several years ago. Severus has two animagus forms, some of his vampiric abilities. One is a moth, and the other, I will leave for him to tell you, if he ever comes back.' Draco added sadly.

'Sorry, anyway, Severus would follow Harry down to the forest in his moth animagus and they would practice together.'

'But Severus hated Harry. Why would he help him?' Hermione asked quizzically.

'To begin with, they had a mutual goal. With Voldemort dead, Severus would be free and so would Harry. It was a powerful motivator. Later they grew closer, I believe that Severus may have been the only thing that stopped Harry from going over the edge that year. He talked to him about Black and about the Dursleys. I think he finally managed to see past Harry's father. And then it happened.'

'What happened?'

'The Dursleys were killed and Harry was arrested. Severus told me that Harry spent most of that day at the shrieking shack, he talked to him for several hours. He was very worried about going home that summer. Apparently the Dursleys had been beating him the previous one and had promised to continue it.'

'But why didn't he say anything?' Hermione questioned. Draco shrugged.

'He was ashamed. Apparently he spent a fair bit of time at that old shack. It reminded him of his godfather.'

'That's why no one saw him at Hogsmeade.' Ron said thoughtfully.

'Yes, the old man must have thought all his Christmases had come at once when he found out that the only person who could vouch for Harry's whereabouts that day was someone who wore the Dark Mark.'

'Oh my god.' Hermione whispered.

'Not quite, but he thinks he is, the way he manipulates everyone.' Draco said cynically. 'When Severus found out what had happened he went nuts. Apparently Dumbledore contacted the Aurors and arranged for them to be here when Harry returned. Severus tried to get to him first but he was too late. Instead he waited until the day before the trial and apparated to Diagon Alley. He cast an invisibility charm, another vampiric ability, transformed, and flew into the cells.'

Apparently he changed back when no one was there and woke Harry.' Here Draco stopped and rubbed his eyes and sighed.

'Go on.' Ron urged softly.

'He said that Harry had been terribly beaten. They had tried everything to get him to confess, but even under Veritaserum he still pleaded his innocence. They then got together and decided that he must be immune to it, refusing to let him testify at the trial. Albus, Fudge and Arthur all testified and it was done with in less than an hour, Harry was shipped off to Azkaban and forgotten. What they didn't know, what no one did, was that Severus had Turned Harry the night before.' Draco stood up and helped himself to more scotch.

'I don't know if that was when Harry found out the truth or if Severus had confided in him before then, but Severus told him it was the only way he would survive the Dementors and Harry knew he was right. It takes forty eight hours for the change to occur so no one ever knew.'

'But how did Harry live in there? What did he eat and drink?' Hermione asked, ever the scholar.

'Rats mostly.' Draco shrugged.

'Ew, gross.' Ron scrunched up his nose.

'And Severus visited him every couple of months. A vampire can always drink from their father.' Draco added.

'But how did Severus get away with going to Azkaban that often. Surely Albus would have known.' Hermione wondered.

'At first it was harder, he had to go at night. Sometimes he would say that Voldemort was calling him. The last few years I just Polyjuiced for him.'

'So those weekends you were in London?' Draco shook his head.

'I was here. Severus was at Azkaban.'

'But still. They keep a log of visitors don't they?'

'Yes, but some of the cells had windows. All Severus had to do was fly in and go to Harry's cell. No one ever knew he was there.'

'So do you know where they are? Are they coming back?' Hermione whispered. Draco sighed heavily, taking another large swig of his drink.

'Yes and it's not likely.'

'Oh, what have we done.' Hermione sobbed into her hands.

'We didn't do anything.' Ron said firmly. 'This is all Albus' fault. His and Dad's and Fudge's.' Draco laughed bitterly.

'Tell me, Weasley.' he sneered. 'Does it make you sleep any better at night telling yourself that? Did you ever think Harry didn't do it. Once in sixteen years, did you ever think you could be wrong?'

'No. They had proof.' Ron countered.

'Proof?' Draco laughed again. It was cold, hollow sound. 'What proof? Even with all of the hints about the trial and everything that Severus gave you two throughout your seventh year, neither of you followed them. Neither of you checked them out. You were Harry's best friends, you knew him better than almost anyone, and you didn't even try to make sure he was guilty. Hermione, you're a smart girl, you could easily have dug up the truth of what happened that day. Harry couldn't apparate. All the Floos in Hogsmeade are monitored. There was no way for him to even get to the Dursleys. If you had even bothered to check,' Draco was practically ranting by this point and he forced himself to calm down. 'But no, you two were so happy together. Harry had distanced himself over the previous year and you two didn't even care. You had each other. The trio had finally fallen apart, and all it took was one little lie, and you two washed your hands of him. His two best friends betrayed him by default.' Draco got up and went to fill his glass again.

'How in the hell do you think that made him feel?' he said softly without turning around. 'Get out.' Ron and Hermione glanced at each other but didn't move.

'GET OUT.' Draco roared, spinning to face them and throwing the glass at the wall. 'JUST GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE.' Ron and Hermione glanced once more at each other before running swiftly from the room. Draco groaned and plonked back down in his armchair, sending a silent prayer to whoever was listening to watch out for his godfather and Harry.

Severus sat silently at the edge of Harry's bed. The boy, Severus couldn't think of him as anything different, had drunk his fill and almost immediately fallen asleep. Severus carried him to the bed, pulled off his shoes and tucked him in. Now he sat, silently contemplating the changes of the last twenty four hours.

When he had heard his son's voice telling him he was finally at Hogwarts, his heart leapt into his throat. They had been planning for this day for over a decade. It had been Severus who had arranged for the three Death Eaters that had killed the Dursleys to be found by the Aurors. It was Severus who had subtly made sure certain people around the castle knew that Harry was innocent and it was Severus who had alerted the papers to the same fact.

He also knew that Harry wouldn't want to stay at Hogwarts for a minute longer than he had too. With Draco's help he had arranged for hundreds of thousands of Galleons to be transferred to a Gringott's branch in the States. It had been Draco that had lent him the money in the first place. They had known that as soon as Harry was proven innocent, an extremely large amount of money would be placed in his newly restored vault and in turn, had arranged to have any remaining transferred also after Draco had been repatriated.

Severus had travelled to New York just over a year ago and purchased an apartment in muggle Manhattan. He had fully furnished it, to make sure everything was ready and now it looked as if all that preparation was going to pay off. Severus' thoughts returned to his godson.

Draco had been such a joy over the last few years. He had moved in with Severus at Snape Manor, fifteen years ago when his father had disowned him, not that Lucius or anyone else knew that. Albus had

him under the Fidelius. Draco had worked as an Auror for more than ten years before deciding to return to his first love, potions.

Albus had been more than happy for Severus to take Draco on as an apprentice. His contacts as a former Auror were invaluable to the Order and keeping the young man close by was a high priority. So Draco had moved to Hogwarts and it had taken the young man less than a year to work out that something was going on. He was waiting for Severus one night as he came back, supposedly, from seeing Voldemort.

(Flashback)

'Where have you been?' Draco asked from the sofa as Severus walked in.

'Draco, shouldn't you be in bed.'

'Severus, I'm not a child and don't try to change the subject. Where have you been? I know you haven't been to see the Dark Lord. And I know you go to the same place every couple of months and come back happier than ever. You seem to live for these little visits.' Draco's face took on a sly expression. *'Severus, are you seeing someone?' Severus couldn't help it, he burst out laughing.*

'Sorry,' he said, still snickering but trying desperately to stifle it at the expression on his godson's face. 'I suppose it wouldn't hurt to tell you the truth.'

'The truth about what?' Draco asked quizzically.

'The truth about me, and about Harry.' Severus said mysteriously. Neither man got any sleep that night as Severus explained not only about himself, but also what Dumbledore, Fudge and Mr Weasley had done to Harry, and what Severus had done to help him. He also told him that he visited Harry every couple of months to give him a potion against the sunlight, in case he was released before Severus could get there, and to let Harry feed.

'How is he holding up?' was the first question that Draco asked, much to Severus' surprise. 'I heard my father talking about how Potter had

been set up. Voldemort was ecstatic, apparently.' Draco replied to Severus' raised brow. 'I knew deep down he never did it. No one who knew Potter could possible think he ever killed anyone.' Severus snorted.

'I practically told his two friends what had happened the following year and they just ignored it. They left him there.' Severus spat. Draco laid a comforting hand on his godfather's arm.

'We'll get him out. Don't worry.' Draco assured him. 'But we do need to think of a better system for you visiting him. The old man will figure it out eventually, I'm sure. I know,' Draco said suddenly, jumping off the couch and pacing in front of the fireplace. 'When it is time for you to go to Azkaban, we can take Polyjuice and change into each other. I will tell everyone I'm going to visit friends in London for the weekend, then all you have to do is walk out of here as me and no one will ever question it. I can stay here as you and pretend that I am researching and brewing new potions. Albus will believe it and I can just lock myself in the dungeons. That new Polyjuice we made will last for twenty four hours. All you then have to do is walk back in the next day and take the antidote.' Severus looked at the blond man standing before him in horror.

'I can't let you do that, Draco. What if something happened?' Severus said quietly.

'Well, you don't have a choice. I was an absolute bastard to Harry in school and this is one way I can make it up.' Draco said firmly. Severus just shook his head, rising and hugging his godson to him tightly.

(End Flashback)

Severus was pulled from his thoughts as Harry whimpered slightly and rolled over. Severus leaned forwards and began soothing circles on Harry's back and soon the whimpering was silenced. Severus stood and looked down at his son.

'Good night, Harry. You're safe now. I'll always be here for you.' he whispered, leaning over and kissing Harry softly on the forehead.

The next day dawned fine and clear and Harry rose early to watch the sunrise. It was something he hadn't seen in sixteen years. Not because he was a vampire, his father had developed a potion for that, but because his cell had been deep underground.

Severus had awoken to the sound of tapping, he leapt out of bed just as Harry reached for the letter the owl had dropped.

'Don't touch it.' Severus hissed, grabbing his arm.

'Why?' Harry asked curiously.

'I wouldn't put it past the old man to try and portkey you back without permission.' Severus told him.

'Good point.' Harry waited as Severus cast a 'Revelo' on the letter and a silver mist in the shape of a bat rose from it. Harry laughed.

'Draco's idea of a joke.' Severus drawled as he snatched up the letter and opened it. He scanned the few lines his godson had written and chuckled. 'It seems the proverbial has really hit the fan.' he snickered. 'Apparently Minerva and that Werewolf of yours are calling not only for Albus' resignation but Fudge's as well.'

'He's not my Werewolf.' Harry growled fiercely.

'Sorry.' Severus said, wrapping an arm around his son and instantly calming him.

'No, I'm sorry. I know you didn't mean anything by it.' Harry said softly. Severus turned to face him.

'You do know that it is going to take you a long time to get over what has happened.' he said slowly. Harry nodded and smiled.

'Luckily, it's the one thing I've got plenty of.' he chuckled.

'You don't regret it.' Severus asked. Harry shook his head.

'No, you were right. I would never have survived the Dementors otherwise. I have yet to thank you for that, you know.' Harry said frankly. 'You risked your life for me.'

'You were worth it.' Severus said, squeezing Harry's shoulders before handing him the letter. 'Here, Draco had a few words for you.' Harry looked down at the letter, scanning the first bit before stopping at the three words at the bottom.

Harry, I'm sorry.

'Don't know what he is apologising for.' Harry muttered. 'He's been so much help.'

'Guess he still feels a little guilty. We'll write him later. First breakfast. You need your strength.' Harry sighed and dropped the note back on the table.

'Why bother. Nothing tastes good anyway.' Harry mumbled. Severus grinned and handed Harry a vial, pushing him down at the table and calling for some breakfast. Harry sat looking at him as they waited for the food to arrive.

'Sure you ordered enough.' Harry chuckled as the two trolleys were wheeled in.

'Drink that.' Severus commanded, downing his own vial as the two room service waiters closed the door behind them. Harry shrugged and downed his too, grimacing at the taste before tentatively trying the scrambled eggs in front of him.

'Oh my god, what the hell was in that vial?' Harry asked, scooping as much eggs into his mouth as would fit. Severus laughed.

'Like that, did you? It was one of a number of potions that Draco and I have been working on to allow us to live a normal life. Vampire or not.' Harry shook his head, still grabbing various bits of food off the table and tasting everything.

'You are amazing.' came the thought in Severus' mind together with a warm feeling of love and gratitude.

‘You are worth it, Son. Trust me.’

After breakfast, the two men changed into muggle clothing that Draco had made sure was waiting for them and them walked down to the ferry that would take them to Calais.

It was the start of a nine month holiday throughout Europe before they finally arrived in America. By the time the Statue of Liberty sailed into sight in front of them Harry had transformed. Instead of a pale thin flighty creature stood a tall, well muscled, tanned, well, for a vampire anyway, man.

‘Oh Father, it is so beautiful.’ Harry breathed as they took in the twinkling Manhattan skyline from the deck of the luxury liner they had sailed from England on.

‘Welcome to our new home, Son.’ Severus grinned, wrapping an arm around his shoulders. They watched and waited as the ship docked. Then the porter’s collected their luggage and they slowly disembarked into a waiting limousine.

‘I haven’t seen this place for almost two years. The dust is going to be terrible.’ Severus groaned. Harry laughed.

‘Well, you are a wizard. It shouldn’t really be a problem.’ Harry continued to laugh as the driver glanced in the rear view mirror and raised his eyebrows. Harry didn’t notice but Severus did, immediately raising the privacy screen.

‘We’re here.’ Severus noticed as the car began to slow. The driver opened the door and the two men got out, Severus making sure to tip the man well. He looked deep into the other man’s mind as he handed over the money. He didn’t like what he saw but decided he would fix the problem later once Harry had gone to sleep. The doorman took their luggage and called the lift for them. Severus pulled a gold key from his pocket and pushed it onto the lock, turning it twice and hearing the tumblers fall into place.

Harry gasped as they walked in. The apartment was stunning, done in creams and golds and soft blues. Severus had decided that

nothing in the place would be red or green. He wanted nothing that would remind Harry of Hogwarts.

‘Oh Father,’ Harry breathed. Just then a figure walked in from the kitchen.

‘It’s about time you two got here. I’ve been waiting for you for almost a week.’

Chapter 3 - The Enforcer

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'Oh Father,' Harry breathed. Just then a figure walked in from the kitchen.

'It's about time you two got here. I've been waiting for you for almost a week.'

'Draco?' Harry said in disbelief.

'The one and only.' Draco smirked. Harry snorted and glanced at his father.

'I thought you said he had changed.' He said sarcastically. Severus shrugged.

'You can take the boy away from the Malfoy's but you can't take the Malfoy away from the boy.' he said in jest.

'Too true.' Harry nodded.

'Hey, the BOY is right here in front of you.' Draco said loudly, waving his arms. 'and he's getting quite pissed at being called a boy. I know you've missed a birthday but I am thirty three, you know.'

'Really? We never would have guessed from your letters.' Severus said wryly, causing Harry to burst out laughing.

'Oh fine,' Draco huffed. 'I don't think you deserve to know what's happening back in England. Therefore, if you want me, I'll be at the Waldorf.' Draco flounced across the room and went to open the door.

'Harry.' he growled when the door wouldn't budge. Harry stifled his mirth.

'We're sorry Draco. You just shocked us. We weren't expecting you.' Harry said sincerely.

'What are you doing here, anyway?' Severus asked. 'Not that we aren't happy to see you, of course.' The ex potions master added quickly, making sure Draco understood by crossing the room and wrapping his arms around his godson. 'but I can't imagine the Old Man letting you leave this close to the end of term.' This time it was Draco's turn to snort.

'You have to stop using that nickname in case I go back there. I've used it in front of him no less than eight times this year.' he snickered. 'Including twice in front of Fudge.' Harry gaped.

'You called Albus Dumbledore, the oh so great, leader of the light, head of the Order of the Phoenix Albus Dumbledore, Old Man, in front of the Minister of Magic, not once, but twice?' Harry breathed. Draco smirked and nodded. 'Oh Draco, I love you.' Harry choked out as he burst into laughter. Draco raised an eyebrow at his godfather.

'Is he always like that?' he whispered.

'Only when he's tired and hungry. He's barely slept since we got on the boat. He wouldn't stay in the cabin, he found it too claustrophobic. He had a major panic attack this morning when we began to pack and the lights suddenly went out.' Harry had calmed by this point, the laughter seeming to sap his last bit of strength, and was half sprawled on the sofa.

'Harry, are you hungry?' Severus asked quietly. Harry's head snapped up and he looked at Draco shyly before nodding.

'Yes, please.' he whispered, glancing at Draco again.

'Do you want Draco to leave?' Severus said gently. Harry looked at the other man before shaking his head.

'No, it's fine. As long as he doesn't mind.' Severus smiled and sat down next to his son, pulling him close to his chest and wrapping his arms around him. Draco smiled and turned away, crossing the room and fixing himself and Severus a drink. When he turned back, it took

all of his strength not to drop the glasses as he took in the sight of Severus, head tilted to the side, eyes closed with Harry latched onto his neck, drinking slowly. Draco wasn't sure how long he stood there but eventually Harry finished and Severus opened his eyes, scooting backwards and laying Harry's head down in his lap, as he softly began to stroke the hair back off the, now sleeping, man's face. He glanced up at Draco and nodded. The blond man crossing and handing Severus his drink before collapsing in the chair opposite.

'Never seen that before, I take it?' Severus asked quietly. Draco shook his head.

'I know you did it. I mean, you told me but I've never seen it.' Draco whispered. They sat in silence for a while before Severus carefully extracted himself from underneath Harry's head and effortlessly picked the young man up in his arms carrying him through to the bedroom. He lay him down on the bed and removed his outer clothes and shoes before tucking him under the blankets and sitting on the edge of the bed. He didn't notice Draco had come to stand at the doorway as he pushed the black hair away from the forehead and traced the lightning bolt scar.

'You are safe here. I won't let them get to you. Any of them.' he whispered vehemently. 'I promise, my Son. You are safe.' Draco tiptoed away as Severus rose from the bed and left the room, leaving the light on and the door open.

'How can he sleep with the light on?' Draco gestured to the open door.

'He can't sleep any other way.' Severus admitted. 'He lived in the dark for sixteen years, Draco. Sixteen years. No of us can even imagine what he went through.'

'No, we can't.' Draco said sadly.

'Why are you here, Draco? I heard you say you may not be going back to Hogwarts. What is going on?' Draco sighed.

'I wondered if you had caught that. I was unsure whether to say anything in front of Harry.'

'No, it's best if you didn't. Can it wait though? I've just remembered there is something I had to do. Can you stay and watch Harry, please?' Draco smiled.

'Of course, Severus. Where are you going?' Severus smiled grimly.

'I just have to check something.' he said shortly. Draco knew that look.

'Don't do anything I wouldn't do.' Draco smirked.

'Gives me a fair amount of licence then, doesn't it.' Severus replied, brow raised in amusement. Draco's face took on a serious expression.

'Just be careful, don't do anything you might regret. Harry needs you.' Severus nodded and grabbed his jacket.

'I won't, I promise.' Draco smiled and waved as his godfather disappeared out the door before picking up his glass and moving through the apartment to Harry's room, and sitting in the chair in the far corner.

'Any word from Mr Malfoy?' Fudge asked as he paced back and forward in front of the headmaster's fireplace. Albus was still the headmaster and Fudge was still the Minister, but only because of the wizards oath given in the staff room last year. If not for that, the others would have been able to tell what had happened, and both would have been out on their ear. As it was, the tension in the school between the staff and it's headmaster was almost tearing it apart.

'No, nothing yet. I had the Order following him, but they lost him in France.' Albus replied sadly. Little did he know that it was Remus that had alerted Draco to the fact that he would be followed all the way to Harry, having overheard the headmaster giving Nymphadora Tonks and Kingsley Shacklebolt the instructions.

'We're running out of time, Dumbledore.' Fudge hissed.

'I know, Cornelius. I just don't know how much more we can do.'

'You had better hope that Mr Malfoy really did know where they are.'

‘Oh, I’m sure he did.’

‘And that he can convince them to come back.’

‘I have every faith that Draco will be able to convince Harry and Severus to return long enough to rid us of the Dark Lord.’

‘And after that. What if Potter insists on telling everyone what happened?’ Fudge asked, suddenly scared. Albus smiled, a kind of smile that looked terribly out of place on his face.

‘Do not worry. I have that under control.’ Fudge looked at him wide eyed but Albus just shook his head and laid his finger along side his nose.

Severus climbed out of the taxi after handing over the fare. He glanced up and down the street before crossing and melding into the shadows to wait.

Thirty five minutes passed before the man walked up the stairs from the train station and along the dark street towards his home. As he passed the narrow alleyway an arm shot out and yanked him into the darkness.

‘You.’ the man breathed, recognising Severus instantly.

‘Silencio.’ Severus whispered, his wand at the other man’s throat. ‘You are a squib. You know who we are.’ he hissed. It was not a question. ‘I’m afraid I can’t let that information continued to reside in your memory.’ The other man began to look fearful. ‘Do not worry, I am not going to hurt you. It is just unsafe for you to walk around with such knowledge in you head.’ Severus raised his wand to the man’s temple.

‘Obliviate.’ he said firmly, watching as the man’s eyes glazed over. Severus leaned down and picked up the black chauffeur’s hat, handing it to the man before disappearing with a pop.

Draco started as he heard the key in the lock and stood up just as Severus swept into the room. Draco smiled inwardly. Even in muggle clothing the man still had presence.

'Was he okay?' the older man asked in concern as he gazed down at the softly sleeping figure.

'He was fine.' Draco assured him. 'You act as if you've never left him before.'

'I haven't.' Severus said bluntly. 'From the minute we left Hogwarts, I've never left him alone except to use the bathroom.' Draco felt his eyes widen at that statement but Severus didn't see as he carefully pushed a loose lock of hair behind Harry's ear. Severus seemed to feel that Draco must have needed a larger explanation than that and took his godson's arm, steering him from the room. He sat him in one of the armchairs and went to fix them both another drink as he began to speak.

'He has panic attacks. Big ones, regularly. On top of all that, his scar is still connected to Voldemort.' Draco stared at him open mouthed.

'After all this time?' Draco whispered. Severus nodded sadly, sitting down on the sofa.

'That was one of the reasons for choosing the U.S. I'm hoping the distance will make it harder for him to see the visions the Dark Lord sends him. He had them the whole time he was in Azkaban so I knew nowhere in England would be far enough away.'

'The whole time. He saw what Voldemort did the whole time he was in Azkaban?' Severus nodded again. 'You never told me? Didn't he tell you?' This time the older man shook his head. 'Why didn't he say anything?'

'Because I didn't want Father to know.' came a soft voice from the doorway. 'I never told him. He worked it out for himself.'

'Come here,' Severus smiled, gesturing to the seat beside him. Harry walked slowly over and curled up with his head on his father's shoulder. 'I'm sorry, I didn't mean to say anything. I was just so worried about you?' Severus said quietly, kissing Harry softly on the top of his head.

'It's alright.' Harry whispered.

'Did you get done what you had to?' Draco asked his godfather. Harry's head whipped up.

'You left? Did you leave? Why did you leave? When? When did you leave? You can't leave me. You promised.' Harry began getting hysterical. Severus turned slightly and grabbed Harry's upper arms, shaking him slightly.

'Harry, calm down. We haven't warded this place yet. Yes, I did leave for a short time, but Draco was here, and I came straight back. Calm down. You have to relax. I'm here. I'm not going anywhere.' Harry nodded in understanding but Draco could still see him swallowing heavily as his eyes darted around the room. The air around him was practically crackling and he was glowing a soft white. Seeing it wasn't working Severus let go of one of Harry's arms and slapped him across the face before hugging him to him tightly.

'It's okay. Calm down my Son.' Severus whispered as he held Harry. Draco watched in awe as the glow receded and Harry seemed to slump in Severus' arms. Once more the older man picked Harry up and carried him back into bed.

'What on earth was that?' Draco hissed, as Severus walked back into the room, sat, and downed his drink in one mouthful.

'That was Harry.' the man replied simply. 'Remember the prophecy I told you about?'

'The one about Harry and the Dark Lord.' Severus nodded.

'If you recall Harry was supposed to have a power that Voldemort knows not. That was it.'

'What was it?' Severus sighed and ran his hand through his long black hair.

'Harry is an Enforcer.'

'A what?' Draco asked quizzically.

'An Enforcer. He doesn't need a wand or incantations to do magic he just forces the magic to do what he wants. Unfortunately when he gets upset his emotions play havoc with his magic and it can quickly get out of control.'

'Merlin.' Draco breathed.

'Yes, he was one too.' Severus snorted. Draco rolled his eyes. 'We usually put up wards the minute we arrive anywhere, but Harry was just too tired tonight. I should have made him do it anyway. The last time I let him off doing it he levelled the French chateau we were staying in.'

'You're kidding.'

'Sadly, no.'

'When did you know? What he was, I mean.'

'We worked it out shortly before he was arrested. Thankfully he wasn't very strong yet and I think the Dementors muted the effects while he was in Azkaban. We started training again as soon as we left Hogwarts.' Draco seemed to mull this information over in his head for quite awhile before he spoke.

'I suppose I should tell you why I'm here.' he said slowly.

'I knew you would get to it in your own time.' Severus smiled.

'The Old Man sent me with an ultimatum. Either I come back with you and Harry,' he began. 'or I don't come back at all.' Severus laughed.

'Oh Merlin, the man is such an idiot. That's his idea of an ultimatum.' Draco was grinning as he swilled the last of his scotch in the bottom of his glass before downing it.

'I believe he thinks that I am rather enamoured with my current position and would do anything to keep it.'

'The man must be starkers.' Severus chuckled wryly.

‘Close enough.’ Draco snickered.

‘Come on, we should get some rest. It’s awfully late.’ The older wizard stood up and stretched. ‘You obviously know where the guest room is.’ he smirked. ‘Goodnight Draco.’

‘Goodnight Severus.’ Draco replied as he watched his godfather walk into the room adjoining Harry’s.

‘Have any of the owls you have sent reached either of them?’ Minerva asked the other occupants of the room. Ron, Hermione, Filius, Sybil, Pomona and Remus all shook their heads. The group was meeting in the Room of Requirement which had been charmed to appear with no portraits in it. They had met every couple of weeks over the last nine months as they struggled to keep the school together.

The raids by the Death Eaters had gotten so bad that they had lost over half of the students as one by one the parents had pulled them out of the school. Diagon Alley was no more, as was Hogsmeade. The only safe place in Britain at the moment was Hogwarts, and the entire Ministry together with the Order of the Phoenix was camped out on the grounds.

Things were getting desperate.

‘Hopefully Draco will get to Harry and Severus. If anyone can get them to come back it will be him.’ Remus said softly.

‘I assume you told Mr Malfoy of Kingsley and Tonks mission for the Order.’ Minerva asked him. Remus nodded.

‘The day he left.’ the werewolf confirmed. ‘And if Severus taught him as well as I think he did, he would have lost them with two.’

‘Good. Let’s just hope Mr Malfoy can use that charm of his for good, instead of evil.’ The elderly deputy head tried to joke. Most in the room chuckled but the mirth died very quickly.

‘Morning Draco.’ Harry said cheerfully as he strode into the kitchen.

'Morning.' Draco replied through a mouthful of toast. Harry sat opposite him, reaching up to take the vial Severus held out as he passed, and downing it quickly before helping himself to an omelette.

'What are we doing today, Father?' Harry asked as Severus also sat.

'Well as soon as we finish this you have some warding to do.' Severus said sternly. Draco thought he saw a flicker of fear cross Harry's face, but it happened so quickly he couldn't be sure. 'After that, I thought some sightseeing would be in order.' Draco thought he must have been seeing things before as Harry nodded brightly and tucked back into his breakfast.

Half an hour later Harry was standing just inside the front door to the apartment. His eyes were closed and his fists clenched tightly by his sides. Draco and Severus stood silently over by the window as Harry worked his magic throughout the apartment.

'Watch his hands.' Severus whispered. Draco watched as Harry raised his arms, fist up and opened them. Nothing seemed to happen at first but then he realised that small miniature pieces of what Draco assumed to be Harry's magic flowed out of his hand and towards the ceiling where it branched out and travel across the ceiling, down the walls and back across the floor to Harry, where it rose once more to the back of Harry's hand.

'It hurts.' Draco whispered, gesturing to the flinch Harry subconsciously gave when the magic returned to him.

'Yes, although if you ask him, he won't tell you as such.' Severus added softly.

'Doesn't like to be seen as weak.'

'He is weak, Draco. Sometimes he is just like a child. An abused, neglected child. Some days you would think he stopped aging at sixteen, and others, you would think he skipped all the other years and went straight to sixty.' Severus sighed.

'You really love him, don't you?' Draco said softly. Severus nodded.

'So much it hurts to look at him sometimes. He is the only person I have ever Turned, you know.'

'Would you ever turn anyone else?' Draco asked tentatively. Severus tore his gaze away from his son to look at Draco, placing a hand on his shoulder.

'No Draco, I am not going to Turn you. Life, I will admit, has been made better for Harry and me with the potions you and I came up with, but it is not a life I would willingly inflict on someone unless I had to. If Harry hadn't gone to Azkaban, I would never have Turned him.'

Suddenly there was a bright flash and then Harry leant back against the door, breathing heavily. Severus crossed the room and hugged him.

'Well done, Son. That was quicker than ever. Another few months and you will be ready.' Harry nodded and smiled.

'Ready for what?' Draco asked.

'Ready to return to England and destroy the Dark Lord, of course.' Severus said innocently.

'What? You're going back? Why on earth would you do that?'

'It's alright Draco,' Severus said calmly. 'We were always going to go back. But it will be when we are ready, and on our terms, not theirs.'

'But they betrayed you. You don't owe them anything. Why put yourself in danger for them?' Draco argued.

'I'm not going back for them.' Harry said softly. 'I'm going back for my parents. They gave their life for me so that I could live. I'll admit, this probably isn't quite the life they had in mind.' He said ruefully, smiling at his father. 'But there are thousands, millions of people, wizards and muggles alike, that never did anything to me. Who are innocent of any wrong doing and who will not survive the next decade if Voldemort isn't taken care of soon. I am the only one who can save them from him and I couldn't live with myself if I didn't go back and finish it.'

‘But Harry.’ Draco began. Harry shook his head.

‘No Draco. I have to.’ Harry smiled as his father kissed him softly on the cheek.

‘Bloody noble Gryffindors.’ Draco muttered, dropping down into the chair behind him. Harry laughed.

‘Never told him, did you?’ he asked his father. Severus shook his head.

‘Never told me what?’ Draco pouted.

‘That I was supposed to be in Slytherin.’ Harry smirked.

‘What?’ Draco gaped.

‘Yes, At first the Sorting Hat wanted to place me in Slytherin, but Hagrid had told me all the bad wizards had come from Slytherin.’

‘Another of the Old Man’s ploys to turn you into the perfect little hero.’ Severus muttered.

‘Too true.’ Harry agreed. ‘And then I met you in Madame Malkin’s.’ he said to the other.

‘Really, you never told me that Draco.’ Severus raised an eyebrow. Draco blushed but said nothing. ‘What were your first impressions of my godson.’ Harry glanced up at his father and rolled his eyes.

‘The truth?’ Severus nodded. ‘I thought he was a rude, obnoxious, little snot, who’s every second sentence began with ‘My Father’ and who thought himself so much better than everyone else you would have thought he was the King of England.’ Harry said simply.

‘And now?’ Severus snorted. Harry laughed.

‘Well, the first part is still the same, but I wouldn’t want him any other way.’ Harry finished softly. Draco threw his godfather a smug grin before sending Harry a genuine smile.

‘Hey,’ he said suddenly. ‘I thought we were going sight seeing.’

‘We are.’ Severus said firmly. ‘Go and get dressed.’

Severus and Harry were waiting on Draco. Both had changed into jeans and T-shirts and hiking boots.

‘You can’t wear that?’ Harry exclaimed as Draco swept into the room dressed in a set of navy dress robes.

‘Why not?’ Draco said imperiously. Severus snickered.

‘Draco, we’re in New York. Muggle, New York. You look like a freak.’ he hissed.

‘Thank you very much, Harry. I’d forgotten you were always known for your fashion sense.’ Harry was about to retort when Draco removed the cloak to reveal jeans and a tailored silk shirt. ‘You are so easy, Potter.’ Draco drawled. Harry just glared in reply. Severus stood and wrapped an arm around each of them.

‘Come on, let’s go.’

Five hours later they were standing at the top of the Empire State Building. The line had been long and the wait tiring, but one look over Central Park and it had all been worth it.

‘It’s so amazing.’ Harry breathed. ‘I feel as if I could touch the sky.’ Severus glanced at Draco and the two exchanged a smile. They had taken Harry to see many of the sights New York had to offer. The Statue of Liberty, the Rockefeller Centre, Central Park Zoo, where Harry found several snakes to chat to when no one was looking, and of course, Fifth Avenue, where all three men managed to relieve themselves of a rather large amount of money. They dropped off all of their purchases at the apartment and Harry pleaded that they have dinner at the Russian Tea House. Draco tried to catch Severus eye and shake his head, but the older man never noticed.

Draco grabbed Harry’s arm before he walked in.

‘Harry, I need to warn you. There may be someone in there you may not wish to see.’ Draco said in concern.

'Who?'

'I'm not even sure it's them. I didn't know them as well as you did.'

'Who?' Harry repeated.

'Why don't we just go in and see.' Severus suggested, hoping that he wasn't going to regret it. As a group, the three men entered and as they were quite early, managed to get a table. They sat and ordered drinks as they perused the menu. Well, Draco and Severus did anyway. Harry looked quickly around the room trying to see who Draco thought he could possibly know. Severus groaned inwardly when he realised the blond had been right. He heard Harry gasp and the water glass in front of Harry shattered.

'Harry?' came an incredulous voice.

'Oh my god.' Harry breathed. Both Severus and Draco felt the air around them thicken, and without a word spoken they realised they had to get Harry out of there. Quickly. Severus grabbed Harry and immediately bundled the young man out of the restaurant as Draco threw some bills on the table and, realising he couldn't leave the person there in case it got back to Dumbledore, not that it was likely, but you really never know, grabbed them by the hand and dragged them out after his godfather. Meeting the two in an alleyway down the street he could see that Severus was pleased that Draco had the forethought to do just that.

'We have to get back to the apartment, Draco.' Severus said firmly. 'Grab hold or the wards will splinch you. You too.' he told the interloper who was standing there gaping at them. Draco rolled his eyes and grabbed their spare hand placing it on Severus' shoulder and with a pop all four disappeared.

'Harry calm down.' Severus almost yelled as soon as they appeared. Glass objects and mirrors around the apartment began shattering almost quicker than Draco could repair them. The wards Harry put up protected the building itself but not the contents. 'Harry, it's alright, they won't say anything. You won't have to go back yet. I promise.' Again it wasn't working as Draco and Severus exchanged a glance. Harry had never, ever been this bad before and Severus was almost

at a loss at what to do. Slapping him as he had done last night would probably only make it worse. Draco got Severus' attention after he repaired a large vase on the table for the fifth time, and pointed to his neck. Severus nodded and immediately pulled Harry close, scratching a deep cut on his neck with a sharp nail and pushing Harry's head down until he felt the younger man begin to drink.

The tension in the room died and Severus and Draco both breathed a sigh of relief before turning their attention to their guest, who was currently looking at Harry and Severus with a combination of revulsion and horror. Severus glanced back at Draco.

'What in the hell possessed you to let him go in there?' he hissed quietly.

'I wasn't sure.' Draco whispered.

'So you thought you'd use him to see.' the older man sneered.

'I told you I wasn't sure.'

'How can you not have been sure.' Severus exclaimed. 'Those features aren't exactly common. Besides, if there was even a chance you should have stopped it long before. You know he can't handle this.' Severus picked his son up, drinking and all, and walked into Harry's room, closing the door firmly behind him.

Draco slumped down in the chair, his head in his hands, taking several deep breaths as he tried to calm his racing heart.

'Malfoy?' the voice trembled with fear.

'Sit down,' Draco said quietly, pointing to the chair opposite him. 'We need to talk.'

There you go. Can anyone guess who the mysterious person is?

Please let me know what you think.

Chapter 4 - Big Surprises.

Draco slumped down in the chair, his head in his hands, taking several deep breaths as he tried to calm his racing heart.

'Malfoy?' the voice trembled with fear.

'Sit down,' Draco said quietly, pointing to the chair opposite him. 'We need to talk.'

'If you don't tell me what is going on this instant, I'm leaving.' The figure yelled.

'Good luck.' Draco muttered, raising his head and watching the figure dash across the room and try opening the door.

'Let me out.'

'I can't, you will have to wait for Harry to wake up.' Draco said honestly.

'What are you all doing here anyway?' she yelled. 'How in the hell did Harry manage to get out of Azkaban, and why on earth was he drinking Snape's blood.'

'Because,' said a cold voice from the doorway. 'my son is a vampire.' Ginny paled, looking between Draco and Severus several times before her eyes rolled back in her head and she crumpled to the floor.

'Well, that was awfully melodramatic, even for a Gryffindor.' Severus drawled. Draco snorted but reached down and dragged the woman up onto the sofa beside him. Severus fixed all three a drink as Draco revived their guest.

'Malfoy? Professor Snape?' Ginny said softly. 'What happened?'

'You fainted.' Severus said bluntly.

'What are you doing here?'

'Me, in particular, or all of us.'

'All of you.'

'Hiding from Dumbledore.' Draco piped up. Severus could see by her expression that she had no idea who they were talking about but decided to wait and see what the young woman had to say. 'What are you doing here?'

'I...I...I'm not really sure.' she stammered. Severus raised an eyebrow.

'Pardon?'

'I've been in New York for over fifteen years. I don't really remember how I got here or why. I don't remember much to be truthful.' The two men exchanged a glance.

'Look at me for a moment.' Severus commanded. Ginny stared wide eyed as Severus delved into her mind.

'The bastard. The absolute bastard.' Severus breathed.

'What? What is it?' Ginny said worriedly. Severus took a deep breath.

'I believe that someone has cast a memory charm on you Miss Weasley.' he said softly.

'What? Who would do that? And who's Miss Weasley.'

'You are.' Severus told her. 'And Harry can remove the memory charm for you if you wish.' Ginny nodded quickly.

'Yes please. I want to know.'

'Stay here with Draco while I wake Harry. I will call when he is ready but please, do not say anything to him when your memories are restored. At this point we don't know what could set him off and I don't want him upset.' Ginny nodded in understanding and Severus went to wake his son.

'Harry, son, wake up.' he whispered, placing a soft kiss on Harry's temple.

'Father, what's wrong.' Harry said groggily, but instantly sat up.

'Nothing is wrong. Everything is just fine.' Severus said soothingly. 'I need you to do something for me but I need to know that you can stay calm while doing it.'

'What is it?' Harry asked hesitantly.

'It seems that Miss Weasley's memories may have been modified and I, for one, would like to know why.'

'And you want me to remove the blocks.' Harry offered. Severus nodded.

'But only if you promise me you will take this sleeping draught afterwards.' Severus said firmly, holding a vial of dreamless sleep.

'But Father, I'm fine, honestly.' Harry protested.

'Son, you need to rest.' Severus had that look on his face that brokered no argument so Harry nodded slowly.

'Draco.' Severus called out and almost instantly Ginny and Draco were at the door.

'Hi Harry.' Ginny said softly.

'Ginny.' Harry replied timidly. Severus rose from his place next to Harry, squeezing his son's shoulder and gesturing for Ginny to take his place. 'Closer.' Harry whispered. Ginny obediently shifted so Harry could reach up and place a hand either side of her head. After seeing the events of earlier it took all of her self control not to flinch away.

'You have nothing to fear from me.' Harry said softly, after smelling exactly that, radiating from the young woman in front of him. Ginny nodded and waited as Harry closed his eyes and began to glow brightly. He walked his way through Ginny's mind delving deeper and deeper until he found what he was looking for.

There, towering in front of him was a huge wall of what looked like bricks but Harry knew was just power. Gathering his magic he pushed it towards the wall. He could see it bending under the force of

his will. A stronger push and the memories hidden behind it began to pour through and Harry felt Ginny flinch in response. It was a strong wall, put there by a wizard with a lot of power and as he continued to struggle against it, he read the signature of the caster and almost lost it then and there. Instead, he used the anger that had built within himself to finally demolish the wall in front of him. Ginny swayed towards him and Harry wrapped his arms around her, stopping her falling to the floor.

‘Oh, Harry.’ she breathed, hugging him firmly as tears poured down her face. Severus stepped up next to his son as Draco helped Ginny to stand and escorted her from the room. Harry looked up into his father’s black eyes.

‘Father, it was him. He did this to her.’ he spat.

‘I thought as much.’ Severus sighed. ‘Drink.’ Grumbling all the while, Harry grabbed the vial, downed it, and threw it violently against the wall, as the lamp on the desk shattered. Severus quickly repaired the lamp and within moments Harry was fast asleep. Severus sighed again, pulling the covers up under his chin and kissing him softly, before following the others from the room. He had two sets of eyes staring at him as he walked in.

‘The Old Man.’ Draco questioned. Severus nodded.

‘It seems it was Albus Dumbledore that placed the memory charm on you.’ he told Ginny.

‘I know.’ she spat. ‘I remember everything.’

‘Look, why don’t I order some food and you can tell us exactly what happened.’ Severus suggested. Twenty minutes later they had several pizzas in front of them and Ginny began talking.

‘I suppose you could say it started just over a year after Harry was sent to Azkaban. We, my family and I as well as Hermione were all staying at Grimmauld Place for the summer. I was still upset over what had happened to Harry and spent a lot of time alone in the attic. Ron and Hermione were off together doing who knows what and

didn't seem to care about anything but themselves.' Ginny sighed, not noticing the flash of anger passing through Severus' eyes.

'One day I was wandering around and I walked into the room that Harry used to share with Ron. I was sitting on bed looking at a picture of Harry, Ron and Hermione that Ron kept on his bedside table, well, it was really Ron and Hermione, but Harry was kind of in the edge, when a voice said. 'He didn't do it, you know.' Ginny smiled slightly at the memory.

'As you can imagine, I practically leapt off the bed in shock. Talking to me was a portrait. It was Sirius' great uncle or something. His name was Phineas Nigellus. ????'

(Flashback)

'Who didn't do what?' Ginny enquired.

'The Potter Boy. He didn't kill his relatives.' The portrait answered.

'What? How would you know?'

'I heard it.'

'Heard it where?' Ginny asked.

'At Hogwarts. In the Headmaster's office.'

'Tell me. Tell me exactly what you heard.' Ginny said firmly.

(End flashback)

'Then he told me all about the plan Professor Dumbledore and Fudge came up with. I almost died when I found out my dad knew all about it. I thought he liked Harry.' she said softly, tears falling slowly down her cheeks.

'What happened then?' Draco said gently.

'I waited until my father came back to Grimmauld Place that night and confronted him. He didn't deny it, in fact he didn't say anything. I asked him if he had taken a Wizards Oath and he nodded. I decided

to go straight to the source, so I flooed to Hogwarts.' Severus sucked in a breath at this sentence.

'I found the headmaster in his office and asked him straight out if he had set Harry up. I told him that Phineas had told me. He said it wasn't true but I knew he was lying and I told him so. My father walked in then and told Dumbledore that I knew all about it. He glared at my dad but I told the headmaster that my father hadn't told me anything, and that was the reason I was standing in front of him.' Draco and Severus could see that Ginny was beginning to get upset and waited without a word as she calmed herself down.

Several deep breaths later she began again.

'I told Dumbledore that he had no right to meddle in peoples lives, and that if he didn't arrange for Harry's release immediately I would make sure the entire wizarding world would know what he had done. Dumbledore told my dad to leave but he wouldn't. Dumbledore then stupefied me and left me on the couch in his office while he took care of things.' Another tear fell down her face.

'I remember waking up a while later. Dumbledore told me he had arranged a job for me in the United States. He said if I every told anyone, he would make sure that Harry received the Kiss long before I could ever get him released, and then for good measure, he Obliviated me.'

'My god.' Draco breathed.

'I arrived in New York two days later with no recollection of what had happened. I was told by the family I was staying in that I had been in an accident and had lost my memory. I knew I could do magic but I didn't know anybody. I couldn't even remember my own name. Dumbledore must have made a new one up for me as I have been living as Sophie Anderson since I arrived.'

'I thought it was all a bit sudden when you left.' Severus mused as he thought over the events that summer.

'That explains why you didn't remember me the other day.' Draco said softly. Ginny nodded.

'When I saw Harry today I knew that I knew him. I even knew his name. I don't know how. It wasn't until we got here and I saw...you know. It kind of shocked me into remembering who you were too.'

'I can't believe that man.' Draco blustered.

'I can. Remember the expression Oh what a tangled web we weave. He had to get rid of Miss Weasley. There was no other way.' A soft cry escaped from Harry's room and Severus was up like a shot and disappearing through the door.

Harry was curled up into a ball, his hands pressed tightly against the side of his head as he whimpered in pain. Severus sat on the edge of the bed and pulled Harry into his arms as Ginny and Draco looked on from the doorway.

'Harry, can you hear me?' Severus whispered as he rubbed soothing circles on Harry's back. 'Harry?' There was no answer for several minutes before Harry opened his eyes.

'It's not far enough, Father.' he croaked just before he slumped into unconsciousness. Severus began trying to revive him as Draco dragged Ginny away from the doorway.

'Why does Harry call Professor Snape, Father?' Ginny asked as they sat down.

'Because technically he is.' Draco replied. 'Severus as Harry's Sire.'

'Professor Snape is a vampire too?' she exhaled, wide eyed. Draco nodded.

'He Turned Harry the night before he went to Azkaban. He didn't want to, but both he and Harry knew it was the only thing that would save him from the Dementors until Severus could get him out.'

'So Professor Snape knew Harry was innocent?'

'Yes, they had spent several hours that day talking up at the shrieking shack.'

'But why didn't he say anything?' Ginny asked quickly.

'He did. He told Albus. Who in turn told him that if he said anything to anyone he would be in Azkaban right next to Harry.'

'That absolute bastard.'

'My words exactly.' Severus said tiredly, as he pulled the door half closed behind him.

'Vision?' Draco asked. Severus nodded.

'Is he okay?' Ginny whispered. Severus sighed.

'He will be. Eventually. Now, as fascinating as this conversation has been I think we all should get some sleep. I would appreciate it if you could stay Miss Weasley, at least until Harry can talk to you tomorrow.'

'She can't leave until Harry un-wards the door anyway.' Draco snorted. Severus glanced at the closed door and smiled.

'Well, you can stay in my room. I want to stay with Harry tonight anyway.' Ginny nodded and stood.

'Thank you, Professor.' she whispered.

'I'm not your professor anymore, Miss Weasley. In fact I no longer teach at all. Please call me Severus.'

'Thank you Severus.' she repeated.

'Come on.' Draco said, standing with her, 'I'll make sure you know where everything is.' Severus watched as they walked away.

'Bollocks' he swore softly to himself. Everything down the drain. All the effort and the planning, now useless because it still wasn't far enough away. At this point a tent in outback Australia was looking good.

'All is not lost. You can always come back here afterwards.' Draco said gently, poking his head through the doorway and instantly

reading the expression on his godfather's face. Severus looked up into the stormy grey eyes.

'Thank you.' he whispered.

Harry woke early and was standing in the kitchen, coffee in hand, as he watched the sun rise.

'Good morning.' Ginny said softly from the doorway. Harry spun around.

'Oh, morning Ginny.' Harry said, equally softly before turning back to the window but not before Ginny got a glimpse of the dark circles surrounding tired, dull eyes.

'I didn't think...' she swallowed several times. 'I didn't think Vampires could watch the sunrise.'

'Potions. Father and Draco have made some marvellous ones that allow us to lead a normal life. We can eat normal food, go out during that day, everything.' Harry said fondly.

'But I saw you...' she struggled for the right word.

'Drinking?' Harry supplied.

'Yes.' Ginny said sheepishly.

'My Father's blood helps me control my magic. It keeps me calm and stops me getting sick. It also makes me feel better when the visions come, replacing my energy and taking away the pain and stuff.'

'Oh.'

'Yes. Oh.' Harry smiled to himself before shuffling over to the table and placing his cup down. 'Are you hungry?'

'Now that's a loaded question, Harry. Coming from you.' Draco smirked as he walked into the kitchen Harry glared at the blond.

'What do you mean?' Ginny asked the blond.

'You'll find out in, oh, thirty seconds or so.' he snorted.

'Draco' Harry scolded as sure enough, Severus swept into the room and straight up to Harry, clasping his chin between finger and thumb and tilting his head up so he could look into his eyes.

'You're hungry.' he stated, it was not a question. Harry opened his mouth to say yes but noticed Ginny looking at him curiously and shook his head. 'Son, what is it? I know when you are hungry, I can see it in your eyes.' Harry glanced furtively at Ginny once more.

'Take no notice of me, Harry. I saw it yesterday remember.' The redhead said bluntly. Severus raised an eyebrow at his son who glanced once more at Ginny before nodding once.

'Yes, please.' he whispered. Severus smiled and wrapped his arms around Harry's waist, drawing him close before tilting his own head sideways. Both Draco and Severus heard the slight gasp from Ginny as Harry's fangs pierced his father's neck and a soft suckling sound was emitted. Severus had turned slightly and locked eyes with Ginny who, minute by minute, blushed brighter and brighter. Just as Harry withdrew she fanned her face several times before bolting from the room. Harry looked after her before following quickly.

'What was that all about?' Severus wondered. Draco laughed.

'Do you even realise how erotic that is?'

'What is?' Severus asked innocently.

'Sev.' Draco grinned, resorting to the old nickname. 'I am straight as an arrow. I love women, and will to my dying day, but watching Harry drink from you could almost make me bat for the other team. It is probably the most erotic, sexy thing I have ever seen, and if it makes me feel this way, imagine what it does to Weasley, who really likes Harry and always has.' Severus sighed.

'Unfortunately, I believe Harry has feelings for her also.' he said softly. Draco looked at him curiously.

'Unfortunately? This is a good thing. She can help him. He won't be alone.'

'He's never alone. I'm always there for him.' Severus hissed vehemently.

'That's not what I mean and you know it.' Draco said softly, placing a calming hand on Severus' arm. 'I know he is your son and you love him dearly, but you have to let him grow up. You were saying just yesterday that sometimes it was like he was still sixteen. He is still sixteen. He died the day he went to Azkaban. The day his friends and family betrayed him. He stayed sixteen and will continue to do so until you let him grow up.' the blond let his hand drop by his side.

'Severus. Sev, he can love more than one person, you know.' he said softly. Severus slumped down into a nearby chair.

'Love? When did love come into it?'

'It's obvious what's coming. They are connected in some way. I don't know how. Nothing else would explain why she recognised him even through the memory charm.' Draco explained.

'So it wasn't her mind recognising him but her soul.'

'I believe so.' The older man was silent for several minutes before asking the one question that really worried him.

'But what if she hurts him?' Severus whispered.

'I would never hurt, Harry.' Ginny said softly from the doorway. Severus looked up to see Ginny and a blushing Harry entering the room.

'Are you alright?' Severus asked quickly. Harry nodded and smiled, leaning over to place a soft kiss on his father's head.

'I'm fine Father, thank you.' he whispered.

'Let's have some breakfast.' Draco said cheerily. 'We have some serious plans to make.' Everyone seemed to agree with this and

Severus and Draco told the others to sit while they made eggs and toast. Draco pulled the eggs out of the fridge as Severus popped several slices of bread into the toaster. Butter, jam and marmalade found their way onto the table as Harry and Ginny continued to chatter as if they had never been apart. The completely relaxed and open expression on Harry's face was one Severus hadn't seen in a very long time. In fact, he was barely sure he could ever remember seeing it.

'Quite amazing, isn't it?' Draco whispered from beside him as they gazed at the couple in front of them.

'Excuse me.' Severus stammered, practically running from the room. Harry looked after him.

'Is Father alright, Draco?' he asked in concern.

'Perhaps you should go check on him, Harry.' Draco suggested. Harry nodded, smiling once at Ginny and Draco before darting out after the other man.

'Father?' he called tentatively through the bathroom door. 'Father, are you alright. Please answer me.' The door clicked open and Harry slowly pushed it open to see his father leaning over the sink.

'Father.' he whispered. 'Please tell me what's wrong. You feel so terribly sad to me. Like you have lost something. Did I do anything wrong?'

'Oh no, Harry. You could never do anything wrong to me.' Severus said quickly, crossing the three strides between them and hugging his son tightly to him. Harry buried his head in his father's clothes and breathed in. It smelt of safety and security and love. The sad feeling that had permeated Harry's chest just before his father had left the kitchen slowly filtered away to be replaced with one of joy.

'Why were you so upset then?' Severus shook his head.

'I wasn't upset Harry. Really. I was watching you and you looked so relaxed and happy. I never, ever thought I would get to see you like that again. I vaguely remember the same look when Gryffindor won

the house cup your first year, but it has been so long.' Harry watched as two tears made their way down his father's cheeks.

'I know you worry about me, Father and I love you for it. You have helped me more than you can ever know. I know what we have to do, and I know it will be soon, but afterwards I want to come back here, with you. Every time I get upset or worried, you calm me down and promise me you will never leave me. I want to promise you the same thing. No matter what happens, Father. You will always be with me.' Severus looked at Harry once more and then hugged him tightly again.

'I love you Harry.' he whispered.

'I love you too, Father.' Harry replied softly.

'Harry?'

'Yes.'

'What is going on between you and Miss Weasley.' Harry smiled.

'You know you are going to have to call her Ginny sooner or later don't you.' he scolded.

'Hopefully later.' Severus muttered as Harry smacked him playfully on the shoulder. 'Harry?'

'Father, I'm really not sure. When I removed the block in her mind something clicked. It was like a homecoming. I saw what she really thought after I had gone to Azkaban and I saw what that bastard did to her.' Harry finished bluntly. 'She has been though what I have been through. Okay, maybe not as bad.' he added quickly as his father opened his mouth to disagree.

'I'll say.' His father raised an eyebrow.

'I lost my freedom, but she lost her memory. She lost her family and her friends and the only life she had ever known.'

'So did you.'

'Yes, but I still had you. Ginny had nobody. She didn't even have her own name.' Harry countered. Severus sighed.

'This is one of the moments when you're sixty, you know.' he said quietly. Harry smirked.

'I had to grow up sometime.' he snickered. Severus wrapped an arm around him and steered him from the room.

'Come on, you, we have big plans to make.'

'Can we go to the zoo again today?' Harry asked excitedly. Severus just raised one elegant eyebrow in response. 'Sixteen again, huh.' Harry laughed. Severus didn't say anything, instead, they just returned to the kitchen to make plans with their closest friends.

There's chapter four. Hope you like it. No cliff hanger this time, I thought you had probably had enough for a while but no guarantees on the next chapter.

Please review and let me know what you think.

Regards,

Mione5

Chapter 5 - Lost and Found.

More than a week passed and soon Harry, Severus and even Draco had seen more of New York than they thought possible. It seemed that Ginny had made up for a lack of family by getting to know all about her adopted home.

Just that afternoon they had gone to see the Yankees play the Red Sox, and were now sitting around the apartment just watching television and relaxing. Harry and Ginny chatting together on the sofa as Severus soundly whipped Draco at chess. Suddenly the television caught Harry's eye and he quickly turned the sound up.

'We interrupt to show pictures of an American Airlines 747 currently circling John F Kennedy Airport. The plane, badly damaged by some sort of explosion, seems to have the flaps on one wing locked in place not allowing the aircraft to do more than fly in circles. Kitty Knight has this live report.' Harry stood up and held out his hands.

'Get up. We have to go.' he said urgently.

'Harry, what is it?' Severus asked.

'Please Father, We don't have time for this. That plane is going to crash.'

'Harry, you can't know that.'

'Father, please.' Harry practically whined. Severus glanced at Draco, who shrugged.

'Can't hurt.' the blond added. Harry threw him a grateful look as Ginny and the two men stood and took hold of Harry's hands. With a pop all four disappeared.

They arrived in a secluded section of the car park and Harry wasted no time in running up the nearby stairs until he was on the roof, the others puffing and panting behind him. Numerous people had obviously had the same idea and the area was jam pack with both onlookers and television trucks.

'Hide me.' Harry whispered as he used two large off road vehicles as a sort of shield. Severus stood behind him with Draco and Ginny either side. Looking up they could see the crippled airliner completing large sweeping arcs around the airport, much like a one legged duck.

'What are you going to do?' Draco whispered.

'Shh.' Harry shot back as he closed his eyes and tilted his head up at the plane.

On board the aeroplane the captain and first officer were struggling with the heavily laden craft and in between wondering how in the hell they were going to land, they prayed to every deity they could think of.

'What in hell.' The captain exclaimed as the control yoke seemed to be wrenched out of his hand and the plane seemed to just float down towards the runway. 'Are you seein' this?'

'I don't rightly know,' the first officer whispered.

'My god.' both Draco and Ginny breathed as the plane just dropped out of the sky and seemed to settle neatly down on the runway, reverse thrusters kicking in and bringing it to a stop before it reached the end. Harry opened his eyes just in time to see the emergency chutes open and the planes occupants all slide out to safety.

'Let's go.' Harry said tiredly, once more holding out his hands. Another pop when they were sure no one was looking and they were gone.

The television was still blaring about the miraculous landing of the aeroplane as Harry apparated them all in through the wards. Harry glared at it and the sound was muted, before he walked quietly into his room.

'I'll go.' Ginny said softly. Severus looked a bit put out but sat down at Draco's urging. Less than a minute later Ginny returned. 'He needs you.' she whispered to her old professor. Severus could help the small leap of joy his heart gave when she said that and with a small smile at his smirking godson, he disappeared into Harry's room.

'Harry?' Severus said tentatively. 'Are you okay?'

'Yes Father, I'm fine. Just a little tired.' Harry rolled onto his back to face his father.

'That was a very nice thing you did today.' Severus said gently. 'You saved all of those people's lives.'

'They didn't deserve to die just because some guy has a different idea about religion than they do.' he said simply.

'You are hungry? Yes?' Harry shook his head but then nodded.

'Yes.' he admitted. 'But I want to see what happens if I don't drink.'

'Harry, I don't know if that is such a good idea.'

'Please Father, just let me try once. I will rest for a few hours. If my magic doesn't settle by then I will drink. I promise.' Harry swore solemnly. Severus looked at Harry's eyes closely before nodding hesitantly.

'Three hours, not a minute more. It is dangerous for you.'

'I know. Thank you.' Harry smiled, and when his father leant over, he kissed him softly on the cheek. Severus smiled and lay a blanket over him and left the room.

'Did he really do what I think he just did?' Ginny asked incredulously when Severus had sat himself down in the armchair across from him. Severus smiled fondly and nodded.

'How on earth?' she whispered. Severus nodded at the blond who quickly told her about Harry being an Enforcer.

'So he just forced the magic of the plane to land safely?' was the first question out of her mouth. 'But a plane is an inanimate object, they don't have any magic.'

'Not of the plane. On it.' Severus corrected. Now she was really confused.

‘On it?’

‘There were over three hundred and fifty people on that plane. All muggles, of course. But remember that all living things have magic in them. Muggles may not be able to access their magic, but that doesn’t mean that Harry can’t. In times of extreme stress the muggles almost bleed magic. Harry just combined his and their’s and forced the air around the plane to help it to land.’

‘My god.’ she said again. ‘So this forced magic is what Harry was learning with you in the forest before he was arrested.

‘Among other things.’ Severus said cryptically.

Severus woke Harry exactly three hours later and looked intently into his eyes.

‘How do you feel?’ he asked softly.

‘Okay.’ Harry began, hesitating as he father raised an eyebrow in question. ‘Really, just a little tired. I’m in control.’ Severus eyes narrowed.

‘For the moment I will refrain from forcing you, but I reserve the right to change my mind.’ Harry smiled and nodded.

‘How about dinner?’ he suggested. ‘We never did get to eat at the Russian Tea House.’ Harry reminded him. Severus rolled his eyes.

‘Like a dog with a bone.’ he grumbled as he guided Harry out of the room.

They enjoyed a marvellous meal that night and promised themselves that they would eat again there the next week. Little did they realise that their life would be turned upside down before they ever made it back there again.

‘Do we have any idea when Mr Malfoy will be returning, Albus?’ Minerva asked. ‘Miss Granger-Weasley cannot continue to take both classes for much longer.’

‘Do not fear Minerva. I feel sure that Draco will be returning to us by the end of the week.’ the old headmaster said through steely eyes.

‘That will be all.’ he said to the group at large. One by one the staff all filed from the office ad Fudge walked in from Dumbledore’s sitting room.

‘So the Malfoy boy has found them, he’s bringing them back.’ the Minister said happily.

‘I have no idea, Cornelius.’ Albus told him, conjuring some tea for both of them.

‘But you just told Minerva that he would be back by the end of the week?’ Fudge protested.

‘Oh dear, did I? I must have been mistaken.’ Albus said , calmly sipping his tea. Just then a large owl flew in, dropping a number of newspapers from around the world. Albus put down his teacup and picked up the first of them.

‘Muggle newspapers, Dumbledore. What are you playing at?’

‘Calm down, my dear Cornelius.’ Albus said, a huge grin crossing his face as his eyes twinkled brightly for the first time in ages. ‘I believe we have just located Mr Potter.’

‘What? Where?’ Albus didn’t answer the Minister instead handing him the newspaper and calmly returning to his tea.

MIRACLE PLANE LANDED BY THE HAND OF GOD screamed the headline. Fudge took in the picture of the crippled airliner. Half the fuselage torn away by a terrorists bomb, before scanning the first paragraph.

Exclusive - Captain John Mackenzie tells how, moments before the plane landed, the control stick was ripped from his hands and the plane was practically floated to the ground by some unseen force.

'It really felt as if God had reached down from heaven, plucked the aircraft out of the sky, and placed it down on the runway.' he told special reporter, Connie Baker.

Fudge glanced up at the name of the paper. NEW YORK POST.

'You think they're in New York? How can you tell.'

'Because it wasn't God who saved that plane.' Dumbledore said knowingly. 'It was Harry.'

'What? Have you gone off your nut, Dumbledore. What on earth are you going on about?'

'That plane was saved with magic, and the only one powerful enough to do it was Harry.' the headmaster said simply. 'Now, if you don't mind Cornelius. I have some Order Members that need to be told of a new mission.' The Minister nodded, still looking at Albus dubiously as he threw some Floor Powder into the fireplace and was whisked back off to the Ministry.

Twenty minutes later Dumbledore was standing in the kitchen of Grimmauld Place, Tonks, Kingsley, Arabella Figg and Mundungus Fletcher seated in front of him.

'Now I don't need to tell you how important it is that we get Mr Potter back to England. I suggest trying places of interest. Restaurants, parks, shops, anything. Don't bother trying the wizarding section of Manhattan. They won't be there. Just make sure you manage to bring Mr Potter back, alive.' The Head of the Order said firmly. The four members nodded and Albus walked back over to the fireplace and took a handful of Floo Powder.

'And what of Severus and Draco.' Tonks asked hesitantly. Dumbledore turned back to face them. A angry glint to his eye that none of them had seen before, and none really liked.

'Get rid of them. Just bring me Mr Potter.' he hissed before stepping into the green flames before him.

'Is it just me, or was that a remarkable likeness to Voldemort?' Fletcher mused. Arabella smacked him.

'Mud. Don't say such things.' she scolded but deep down each was starting to get a very bad feeling.

Five days later they group were enjoying their third visit to Central Park Zoo. Harry loved to go there during the day and talk with the animals when no one was looking. If there were to many people he just cast invisibility charms on himself and climbed in with them, a thing which terrified his father to no end. He found that he was able to talk with several different types of animal, not just snakes, although they still remained his favourite.

This bright sunny day had Harry basking in joy as he walked arm in arm with his father and Ginny. He'd had no visions for three days and he felt almost as if he were bouncing out of his skin. After finishing visiting with the big cats, an exercise that had left not only Severus' heart pounding, but Draco's as well, they were on their way to the reptile enclosures when Harry stopped dead in his tracks, a look of absolute horror on his face, causing both Severus and Ginny to stumble slightly.

'Oh my god.' he breathed. The others followed his gaze to see four very familiar faces staring back at them.

'Get us the hell out of here.' Draco hissed at his godfather as he came around to shield Harry and grab Ginny's hand. Severus snapped out of his daze and apparated them off with a pop, not caring who saw.

'No, no. Go back.' Harry whispered. 'You must bring them back. They won't understand.' he pleaded.

'You two, go back.' Severus told Draco and Ginny.

'We can't, we need you or Harry to get through the wards.' Draco hissed.

'You two go. I will stay with Harry.' Ginny insisted. Severus looked between the young woman and his son and realising he didn't have a choice, spun Harry to face him.

'Harry, I'll be straight back. Please be careful.' Harry nodded through glazed eyes and the two men disappeared.

'Harry?' Ginny said tentatively. 'Harry listen to me.' she pleaded as all around her things began shattering. 'Oh shit. Harry, calm down.' she smacked him sharply across the face as the mirror in the hallway exploded into a million pieces. 'Oh Merlin. Severus is going to kill me.' she muttered. She tried kissing him hard but that didn't work either as she heard the plates in the kitchen begin to go. Remembering what Severus had done less than two weeks ago, she used her long nail to scratch deeply into her neck, drawing blood, before she wrapped her arms around Harry and drew him close, pushing his head down onto her neck. She gasped in pain as she felt his fangs pierce her skin and suddenly everything went quiet.

Severus and Draco reappeared exactly from where they had left, a few muggles were looking at them wide eyed, but the two men ignored them as they stalked menacingly over to the members of the Order.

'Where's Harry.' Kingsley asked, pointing his wand threateningly.

'Put you bloody wand away, idiot. If I wanted to kill you you'd be a ghost by now.' Severus glared.

'Where's Harry?' Kingsley repeated.

'We will take you to him, but we have to hurry.' Draco said quickly.

'Why?'

'Because my son is alone and this is not a conversation that can be taken care of in less than a minute.' Severus bellowed. The Order members all glanced at each other and seemed to come to some sort of spoken agreement each grabbing hold of the arm that Severus held out and quickly, another six people disappeared.

'Oh you stupid, stupid girl.' Severus yelled a moment after they landed and he took in the sight of the pale limp Ginny in his son's arms. 'Stay there.' he hissed at the four guests as he crossed the room in three quick strides and grabbed the red head out of Harry's arms.

'Harry, back off.' he told his son harshly. Realising instantly that she had lost too much blood to be saved he did the only thing he could. He bit down on her neck, swallowing several mouthfuls of blood himself before withdrawing. He gashed his wrist with his fangs and pressed it hard to the young woman's mouth. It took several moments but soon she was drinking from him steadily and he gently lifted her and carried her though to Harry's room and lay her gently on the bed.

When he came out Harry was standing in the corner, nervously wringing his hands, not even noticing the four Order members looking at him in horror.

'Oh Father, I'm sorry. I didn't know.' he cried. 'I didn't mean it. Everything was black and fuzzy and roaring and then she was there and making me, like you do. I...I...never would. I never.' Severus wrapped his arms around his son, soothing him.

'It's alright, son. She saw me do it that first night and probably thought that was the only way to calm you down.' Severus pulled away and gently wiped the tears from Harry's face. 'I just hope she realises what she has done.'

'Oh Father.' Harry whimpered as a vase on the sideboard that had escaped the first outburst, shattered violently and the air in the apartment suddenly thickened.

'Harry, it will be alright. I want you to calm down. I have special job for you.' Harry nodded as Severus steered him into the bedroom. 'She needs more blood to complete the change. I want you to let her drink from you. You will know when it is enough. Okay?' Harry nodded and sat down beside Ginny. He slashed his wrist with his fang as he had seen his father do and held it up to her mouth. When Severus was happy that she was suckling he left the room, half closing the door behind him.

'Great Merlin's Ghost.' he breathed as he took in the shattered remains of the apartment. Draco and Severus worked quickly to repair everything before he finally invited their guests to sit. Draco poured a large glass of scotch and handed it to his godfather, who smiled at him gratefully.

'Now, questions?' he said sarcastically, downing half the glass in one gulp. Kingsley seemed to be the lead on this mission as once again he was the first to speak.

'What happened here?'

'The remnants of the apartment you saw a moment ago were courtesy of Harry. There are a number of things about my son you do not know.' he said slowly.

'You're not kidding.' Tonks muttered.

'Now obviously you have some concerns about this particular mission or you would have just incapacitated or killed Mr Malfoy and myself the minute you saw us, and taken off with Harry as I imagine you were instructed to do.' The four just looked at each other in surprise. 'A lucky thing you didn't though, or you all would be dead. You seem surprised that I would know the Old Man wants me dead.' he raised an eyebrow in question. 'I imagine he is getting quite desperate to get his hands on my son.'

'Why do you keep calling him your son.' Arabella said haughtily. 'I was there when Lily had him. I know James was his father.' Severus nodded.

'Yes, you are correct. James Potter was Harry's biological father, but I became his father when I Turned him, the night before he went to Azkaban. Yet another little fact the Old Man forgot to mention, I suppose. Yes, as you saw, Harry is a Vampire.'

'Great.' Fletcher mumbled. 'The savoir of the wizarding world is darker than Voldemort.' Severus' eyes were blazing in anger as he stood, his wand instantly pointed at the other man's chest.

'I wouldn't move if I were you.' Draco suggested, smirking. 'And I would recommend that you apologise.' Fletcher glanced at Draco before looking back up at the black eyes currently boring a hole through his head.

'Sorry.' he muttered. Severus' anger evaporated instantly and he slumped into his chair, his head in his hands.

'I'll have you know.' he said softly, looking up. 'That before tonight Harry has never, ever bitten anyone but me, and only when I have told him too. Unfortunately, the evening we ran into Ginny, Harry had a similar episode and that is the way I've always calmed him down. It's the only way that works when he is really bad. I guess she thought she would be able to stop him in time.'

'If he was that bad, why didn't you stay here and send Miss Weasley and Mr Malfoy to come and get us?' Tonks asked.

'This apartment is as heavily warded as Hogwarts. No one in or out without Harry or me.'

'Why didn't you wait and calm him down and then come?'

'I couldn't take the chance that you would leave and tell the Old Man where we are.' Severus said bitterly.

'It would have only taken a few minutes.' Tonks countered. 'We probably would still have been there.' The ex professor shook his head.

'No, depending on how bad he is, and remembering the place when we arrived, it was bad, it can take almost an hour for him to calm down. Even after drinking from me the magic is still in the air around him just waiting to explode.'

'When did Harry get so powerful?' Arabella whispered.

'Partway through his sixth year I began to notice things. I gave him several books and told him he needed to learn to control it and that I would be happy to help him as best I could.'

‘Control what?’

‘His will, his magic. His force.’ Severus swallowed another mouthful of scotch.

‘Harry is an Enforcer.’ Draco said, grabbing his godfather’s empty glass and refilling it.

‘Bloody hell.’ Kingsley breathed.

‘Another little thing the Old Man forgot to mention?’ Severus drawled. ‘I imagine the Old Man’s behaviour of late has raised several questions.’

‘Tell us.’ Kingsley said firmly. ‘We want to know everything.’ Severus exchanged glances with Draco, who nodded, before getting up to go and check on Harry. Draco began telling them all that had happened from that fateful May day seventeen years ago.

Severus sucked in a breath as he opened the door and moved to perch on the side of the bed. Ginny had stopped drinking long ago, going by the dried blood on Harry’s wrist, and now both lay snuggled together on the bed, looking more like sixteen year olds than ever. Harry had his arms around Ginny as her head rested gently on his chest. Severus could see the slight lightening of Ginny’s skin as well as the small tell tale bumps on either side of her mouth that, underneath, were the beginnings of her fangs. It would take forty eight hours for the change to complete but by the next morning her fangs would be big enough for her to drink if she needed to.

‘You’re in for a long road ahead, both of you.’ he said gently as he fondly caressed each of their cheeks. How long he sat there staring at what were now both of his children he did not know, but eventually he noticed the talking had stopped, and with a sigh he stood up and quietly left the room.

‘Are they alright?’ Draco asked as he walked back in. Severus smiled.

‘Yes, they’re fine.’ he replied.

'I can't believe Albus did that to her. To either of them.' Tonks said sadly.

'The Old Man has a lot to answer for.' Severus growled.

'What are you going to do now?' Kingsley asked.

'Now. I have a few more weeks training that I want Harry to complete, and then we will all be returning to England.'

'You're going back?' Arabella said in disbelief. Severus nodded.

'We were always going to go back. Harry knows and understands that Voldemort is his responsibility. He won't stand by and let innocents be slaughtered by a madman, just out of spite for what the Old Man and others did to him. He is bigger than that.'

'But what about Albus? He will kill you both the minute you step through the doors.'

'Do not worry, Harry will protect, Draco, Ginny and I. Albus Dumbledore is no match for Harry and he knows it. It's why he sent you to kill us, and why Harry was sent to Azkaban in the first place. All because a senile old fool couldn't control his little puppet anymore.' Severus said bitterly.

'What are you going to do?' Draco asked the four Order members. They exchanged glances once more.

'Do you have proof of what you claim?' Kingsley asked slowly. Severus nodded, rising and crossing the room, opening a cupboard by the window and taking out a stack of parchment and a large jar filled with silver liquid, both of which he handed to the tall man on the sofa. Kingsley placed the jar on the table and began flicking through the parchment.

'What is this?'

'It is the written records of what is contained in the jar. Both Harry's and my memories of that day, together with the records of everyone who used any Floo in Hogsmeade or a portkey the same day and the

exact words of my meeting with Albus when I told him I had been with Harry part of the morning and most of the afternoon. Also the transcript of Harry's questioning under Veritaserum. There is also confirmation that at that point Harry was unable to apparate and was not an animagus. In other words, it is proof that there was no way Harry could have got to Privet Drive that day and that the Old Man knew that and arranged, together with the Minister of Magic and another worker with in the Ministry to practically fake his trial and send him to Azkaban anyway. A sixteen year old boy.' Severus finished, sighing heavily.

'Do not release any of that yet. We have copies as well and Harry doesn't want anything to happen until Voldemort is gone. He says it would throw the wizarding world into turmoil. Just use it subtly when you want to, to let people know that the Old Man is not all there. We will need them the day of the final battle and we can't afford to have them listening to anyone else but Harry. The Old Man would just place him in danger and I won't let that happen.' he said vehemently.

'What should we do?' Arabella asked.

'You can do what you like.' Severus shrugged. 'But I would probably recommend returning to Hogwarts and telling the Old Man that you just missed us. We will be back within a few weeks and it is better if he doesn't know we are coming. Oh, and I would keep the fact that Miss Weasley is with us to yourselves as well. The others will find out soon enough.' Kingsley nodded and stood up, the other's following his lead.

'Thank you Severus, Draco, for sharing that with us. We knew something wasn't right, but it's hard to believe someone of his reputation and standing could do such a thing.' he said sadly.

'Your welcome. Come on I'll drop you back near where your staying.'

'Oh, before you go.' Draco added. 'Can you please let Remus and his little merry band of resistance know that we are safe and that we are coming back. They would have told you all this themselves, but Albus made them swear a Wizards Oath.' Kingsley nodded.

'I'll be sure to pass the message on.' he promised. 'Goodbye.'

'Goodbye.' Draco responded as he watched the five people disappear with a pop.

When Harry woke, hours later, it was to brown eyes peering at him intently. He smiled softly, blinking a few times to clear his head. Suddenly the past day flashed before his eyes and he sat up suddenly.

'Oh god, Ginny. I'm so sorry. Why did you do it? Do you even realise what you've done.' Harry cried. Ginny lay a comforting hand on his arm and pulled him back down beside her, wrapping her arms around him tightly.

'Harry, don't.' she whispered, as she smoothed the hair back off his face. 'What's done, is done. We will get through all of this. I did what I had to do.' Harry couldn't look at her, just burying his head in her chest as the tears streamed down his face.

'I hate that this is now your life. You deserve so much better.' he sobbed.

'And you don't.' she whispered soothingly. 'Harry, look at me.' Ginny pleaded. Harry slowly turned his face towards hers. 'You never did anything wrong. What happened to me was not your fault. You have to believe me. Please.' Harry looked deep into her eyes and nodded. Ginny peered into his, so green with just the edge ringed in black.

'Ginny.' Harry breathed as she leant down and placed her lips over his. The kiss was long and slow, nothing like the raw, hurried one from the night before. As Ginny slipped her tongue into Harry's mouth he moaned at the sensation it produced. He had only ever kissed one girl his entire life and that was back when he was fifteen almost two decades ago. Ginny was making him feel in ways he thought had long been forgotten and he had no idea what to do.

'Ginny, I...' he trailed off as she pulled away.

'It's alright, Harry. I understand. We will go slow, I promise.' she whispered, tenderly stroking his cheek. 'I just love you so much. I can't believe I ever forgot about you.'

'You didn't really. You remembered as soon as you saw me.' he whispered back, placing his own kiss on her lips and reaching up to cup her cheek with his hand. 'When I think about all of we have missed, I could flay them all alive. They did this to us. They robbed us of everything we had known, and everything we could have had, and been.'

'We will make up for lost time, Harry. We will deal with Voldemort and the others, and then we will make up time. I mean, we have plenty of it coming.' she giggled. Harry grinned and pulled her down onto his chest before placing his lips over hers. The kiss continued for several minutes, before Harry rolled her over so he was on top and carefully unbuttoned her top as he began trailing kisses down her collarbone, Ginny moaned loudly and suddenly the door opened all the way and the apartment's other occupants came striding in.

'Oh my word.' Severus blushed to the roots of his hair as he took in the sight before him.

'Go Harry.' Draco cheered as Severus bundled him hurriedly from the room.

'Sorry.' Severus stammered. 'Heard something. Thought you were having a vision.' he added as he quickly shut the door behind him although not before he heard both Harry and Ginny snickering softly.

Draco was still snorting as Severus paced up and down in front of the sofa.

'How in the hell can you be so calm.' Severus hissed. Draco took several deep breaths to stifle his chuckles.

'She is good for him.' he said simply.

'How in the hell can you know that so quickly.' Draco gestured to the closed door.

'How many times have you ever been able to close it?' he questioned. Severus looked at the door and back at Draco several times before smiling softly.

'Never.' he whispered.

'Oh god Ginny.' Harry breathed as she licked and nibbled her way across his chest.

'Feels good, does it?' she murmured as she sucked gently on his neck.

'You have no idea. Just don't stop.'

'Tell you what,' she purred. 'I'll keep going if you tell me how you and Snape became so chummy. The Snape I knew in fifth year would have been cheering if Harry Potter had been sent to Azkaban.' Harry sucked in a breath as she lowered her mouth to his neck once more.

'After Sirius died I thought I had lost everything.' Harry began, groaning softly. 'They blamed me for his death, I know they did. Ron, Hermione, Remus. They all blamed me. I had nobody. I began reading a lot and spending time alone. Ginny, I was so lonely.' Ginny stopped what she was doing when she saw several tears slowly trail their way down Harry's cheeks and instead pulled him close.

'Go on.' she whispered encouragingly.

'Dumbledore made me continue my Occlumency lessons with Severus and soon he was the only person I could even begin to talk to. Yes, he hated me but he tried harder than anyone to pull me from the darkness.'

'Why?' Ginny said softly.

'I asked him that myself one day. He said that at first, it was because he knew I was the only one who could rid the world of Voldemort and set him free. Later, a lot later, he said it was because I deserved better. I deserved to have at least one true friend who would stand by me no matter what. By this time we had worked out that I was an Enforcer. My mind was solid by this point but we continued under the guise of the lessons to help me try and control my magic. At first it was really hard, if some one said anything that would make me mad or upset I couldn't control what was happening.'

'Is that what happened with Pansy Parkinson?'

'Yes. She said something about Sirius and I couldn't help it. I just wanted her to leave. My magic took it literally and threw her through that wall. No one knew it was me for sure, I didn't even have a wand in my hand. But by the look on my face they must have guessed. Luckily Severus came along and after telling them to take her to the hospital wing he dragged me to his office. They all thought he was going to kill me but all he did was calm me down.'

'He took an awful number of points too.' Ginny reminded him. Harry smiled.

'Well, he never needed an excuse for that.' he chuckled. 'After that he practically stalked me. We trained every evening down in the Forbidden Forest so the Old Man wouldn't know what we were doing. He was always around in the background ready to grab me and drag me away if I needed it.'

'But why? Why would he do all that for you?' Ginny asked curiously. Harry sighed.

'This was only a week or two before I was arrested. I believe that the Old Man had said something to the staff by then and Severus in particular about how uncontrollable I was. I think Severus realised that I was in trouble and that the Old Man was watching me closely. Severus knew it was only a matter of time before it all came to ahead.' Harry smiled sorrowfully. 'I don't think, even in his wildest nightmares, that he thought Dumbledore was capable of what he did. Even to this day I feel that there is a small part of him that wishes it wasn't true. Dumbledore did a lot for Severus when he was younger.'

'Well, the bastard certainly did a lot for you too.' Ginny spat bitterly.

'Over that eight month period Severus came to see me for who I was, not for who my father was. He also came to see the truth about his, and my, mentor. I have no idea why he came to me that night in the cells in the Ministry. Why he wanted to save me so badly. I have asked him, but, he says he doesn't really know.'

'Maybe it was a way to right a wrong.' Ginny suggested. Harry smiled and nodded.

'Maybe. I also think that by that point he believed in me, and deep down he knew he had to do something.'

'Do you regret what he did? Turning you, I mean.'

'Regret is not really the right word.' Harry said softly. 'If I could have chosen whether I wanted it, I would have said no. I didn't want to live forever. God, at that point I didn't want to live until dinner time.' Ginny hugged him closer as he shuddered slightly. 'But when he Turned me that night, it was like I suddenly had a true family. I could hear him in my head and feel him in my heart and it was wonderful. The Sire and Child bond between a Vampire and his son or daughter is extremely strong. Stronger even than a Wizard's Bond. I love my Father.' Harry whispered. 'and I will forever be grateful for all that he has done. Draco too. He has been through so much for me. He gave up so much, particularly over the last year, trying to help me get over all that has happened. He is my rock. The one thing I can always rely on. I love him.' he repeated. Ginny leaned over and kissed away his tears.

'Thank you for telling me.' she whispered.

'Can I ask you one question?' Harry said hesitantly. Ginny nodded. 'Why? Why did you make me bite you last night?' Ginny sighed.

'At the time, it was the only thing I could think of to do. At the time, I thought I would be able to stop you if it went too far.' Harry raised an eyebrow in a gesture eerily reminiscent of his father. 'I know, I know, I did the chapter on Vampires at school too. It was just so sudden. Later, this morning, I realised that it was because I don't want to lose you. Subconsciously, it was a way to tie myself to you.' Harry stared deep into her brown eyes.

'You do, realise that I would have killed you if my father hadn't arrived home in time.' he said harshly. 'I don't have control of that. I couldn't have stopped myself.' Ginny smiled and cupped his cheek.

'Maybe we should practice then.' she murmured in his ear as she licked and nibbled gently. 'Go on,' she whispered and he felt the small buds of her fangs press softly into his neck. Harry groaned and sank his fangs into the soft flesh in front of him as he felt her do the same. For over ten minutes they lay there, Ginny lying slightly on top of him, as they drank slowly from one another. As their blood mixed they held each other tightly, their emotions growing and growing until the air was thick and crackling.

'Oh god, Ginny.' Harry yelled, pulling away, as he felt the magic in the room crash over him.

'Well, they sound as if they're having fun.' Draco mused at the yell that came through the door. Severus smirked at his godson.

'Get you mind out of the gutter, Draco. They are definitely not, doing what you think they are.' he drawled.

'How can you tell? That yell was definitely sexual in nature.' Draco insisted.

'Yes. It was.' Severus agreed and Draco's face took on a smug expression. 'But they still weren't doing what you think they were.'

'How would you know?' Draco said imperiously. Suddenly the door opened and a practically glowing Harry and Ginny walked in. 'See.' Draco insisted. 'Afterglow.' Severus snorted and walked towards the kitchen, but not before leaning over and whispering in the blond's ear.

'Check out their necks.'

There's another one. Please review again and let me know what you think.

Next chapter - Return to Hogwarts.

Regards,

Mione5

Chapter 6 - Returning

The next week passed quietly apart from a rather intense talk two days after Severus Turned Ginny. She and Harry had just finished breakfast when Severus walked in and asked her to join him in the study.

'What is it, Father?' she asked hesitantly. The Sire and Child bond had grown strong in the last two days.

'I need to know why.' Severus said bluntly. Ginny fidgeted nervously.

'Why what?' she smiled innocently.

'Do not try my patience, Virginia. What on earth possessed you to make Harry bite you that night? Do you even realise what could have happened?'

'Nothing happened Father. Everything is fine.' Severus lowered his voice ominously, his eyes glowing.

'Let me tell you about fine.' he whispered quietly. 'Imagine for one minute if Kingsley and the others had killed Draco and I, as the Old Man wanted him to and we had never returned. You would have been dead and Harry would have no one. What do you think he would have done if, and that is a big if, he managed to calm himself down long enough to realise that he had killed you. What do you think that would have done to him?'

'I...I...The wards would have stopped him from doing anything too bad.' she said hopefully. Severus shook his head.

'Who do you think put the wards up. They are only preventative. If Harry got bad enough they would fall instantaneously and then, Merlin knows if anything would be left.'

'Oh.'

'Yes, oh. Virginia, you need to be careful with Harry. He is not normal. His emotions are triggered by the most unknown things and only a few things will get through to him. You have to remember this.'

'I will.' Ginny promised.

'There is one other thing.' Severus smiled as Ginny moved to leave.

'Yes, Father?'

'I've mentioned this to Harry yesterday, but I believe he is too unsure to do anything about it.'

'What is it?'

'If you and Harry are going to continue to sleep in the same bed I want you bonded. Married and bonded.'

'Really?' Ginny breathed wide eyed. Her expression changed into a frown. 'But if Harry is unsure. I don't want to pressure him into something.' Severus snorted.

'And making him bite you wasn't pressuring him into something?' he asked with a raised eyebrow.

'I...I...'

'He is not unsure about you. I know my son loves you. I can feel it.' The older man placed his hand over his heart. 'I can also feel your love for him. It is the asking of which he is unsure. He has never so much as asked a girl out let alone to bond with him.'

'But Harry and I have only been together for a short time. Isn't it too soon.' Severus crossed the room and closed the door before coming to sit beside her.

'No. I know you are connected. You were even before I Turned you. Something to do with the Chamber of Secrets, I imagine.'

'Yes.' Ginny shuddered.

'I have another reason for asking you to do this.' he said quietly. 'As Harry gets older he gets more powerful. According to everything we have read he won't reach his peak for another ten years. At the moment he can control things by drinking from me, or you, now that

you have been Turned. But soon he will be too strong to drink from you. It will have no effect as you aren't bonded closely enough. That's why I want you to bond.'

'That's not the only reason, is it?' she asked softly. Severus drew shaky breath.

'No. It's not.' he whispered. 'When we return to England I have a feeling that the Old Man is going to everything within his power to get rid of me. He thinks if I am no longer around Harry will be easier to control.'

'But that's crazy.'

'So is the Old Man.' Severus added dryly.

'Harry will protect you. He won't let anything happen.' Ginny said firmly.

'The Old Man is a sly, cunning bastard. I imagine he has a drawer full of plans to separate Harry from Draco and myself. If you bond with Harry it means if something happens to me you should be able to stop him before he destroys everyone and everything around him. It would kill him to hurt any innocents. He may calm down after it but he would never come back from it. It would destroy him too.' Severus felt himself getting emotional and stood up, crossing swiftly to gaze out the window.

'I would love to bond with Harry.' Ginny said softly. 'I'll keep him safe, I promise.' Just then there was a knock and the door swung open to reveal Harry's anxious face.

'Father? Father, are you alright?' Receiving no answer he walked swiftly over to his father and turned to older man to face him. 'What is it? You felt so sad.' he whispered. Severus just sighed and grabbed his son in his arms.

'God, I love you Harry.' he breathed, hugging him fiercely.

'I love you too, Father.' Harry whispered. Ginny felt tears prick at her eyes but they didn't fall until Severus released one arm and beckoned

her over, hugging her tightly as well, and for the first time in more than fifteen years she felt as she was home. That she had a family.

'Well, where is Mr Potter. I told you not to come back with out him.' Albus asked. Kingsley, Tonks, Fletcher and Arabella all glanced at each other.

'I'm sorry Albus. We did see them for a minute but they apparated away. We tracked them down to an apartment on Fifty First Street but they were long gone. They must have worked out a way of apparating without leaving a signature because we couldn't trace them.' Kingsley reported.

'Damn it.' Albus whispered as he turned to look into the fire. 'Dismissed. I will call you when I need you.' The four Order members said their goodbyes and walked swiftly from the office.

'Merlin Severus. This is all your fault. I loved you like a son, boy. But believe me, I will make you pay for betraying me.' he hissed vehemently.

Harry and Ginny were wed a week later in a private ceremony in the apartment. Severus arranged for a friend who was licensed to perform the bonding ceremony to fly over from France. It was the gentleman who had unfortunately lost his house to one of Harry's episodes and after being heavily compensated had grown to enjoy the young man's company greatly. He was a wizard that had left the wizarding world after the death of his family at the hands of Voldemort. He understood what Harry was and how important he was to the future and was happy to come over at his old friend's request.

Draco and Severus were witnesses as Ginny adamantly refused to contact her family.

'They left me alone.' she had cried. 'I was seventeen and they didn't even try to look for me.'

'I'm sure your Dad told them where you were.' Harry said soothingly.

'Yes, he probably did.' she spat. 'And you would have thought that the fact that every owl they sent returned with it's letter unopened

would have alerted them to the fact that something was wrong. But no. They didn't like what I was saying about you after you were arrested, and they were happy they didn't have me harping on about how you couldn't possibly have done it, all the time. It made it easier for them to move on.'

'Gin, they are you family.'

'No. They're not.' she yelled. 'You are my family. Father and Draco are my family. My name is not Weasley. It's Anderson.'

'Soon to be Potter.' Harry smiled, instantly calming her down.

'Yes, soon to be Potter.' she whispered, leaning over and kissing him softly.

The night of the ceremony Severus and Draco arranged for a room in the Waldorf Astoria nearby. As Ginny was able to talk to Severus telepathically they knew she could call them if anything happened. Harry was very nervous about his father not being close by, but as Severus showed him, he could be there in less than a couple of seconds if Harry needed him.

The apartment felt empty with half their occupants missing but Ginny took Harry in her arms and began kissing him until he forgot almost everything but his name.

'Oh, Ginny.' Harry breathed as she began removing his shirt, button by button, all the while nibbling on his ear. Carefully he pulled her down onto the bed with him and began returning the favour. He licked, nibbled and kissed his way down her lithe body as she moaned and mewled underneath him. With one thought he removed both of their clothes as he took in the sight of a completely naked woman for the first time.

'So beautiful.' Harry whispered as she pulled his head down to hers and kissed him deeply. Slipping his tongue into her mouth he began caressing the sides of her body lightly with her fingertips before moving his mouth down her neck.

'Oh Harry.' Ginny gasped, rolling them over so that she was on top and attacking his chest with her mouth. Harry just groaned as she closed her hand around him and began stroking softly. Her tongue licked and nibbled it's way from one nipple to the other as Harry felt the air around them begin to thicken and swirl. Harry grabbed her arms and flipped them back over and kissed her hard.

'Mind.' he hissed.

'Mind.' she groaned. He kissed her again.

'Body.'

'Body.' He kissed her once more.

'And soul.'

'And soul.' With one quick thrust he entered her, both gasping loudly before each sank their fangs into the others neck and began drinking greedily. Harry moved quicker and quicker, building the feeling until the air around them was crackling with so much magic it glowed. Harry could feel it growing inside of him and out. With one last thrust they climaxed, both screaming out the others name as the magic carried the both of them away.

Streets away, in a beautiful hotel room, an enormous smile settled itself over the face of one Severus Snape.

'Severus?' Draco asked hesitantly. The older man glanced over at his godson, his eyes shining brightly, his hand pressed firmly against his chest.

'It is done.' he said softly. 'The bond is complete.'

Harry and Ginny regained there bearings some minutes later and Harry pulled her to him tightly.

'Oh Harry, that was amazing.' she whispered. Harry just smiled and pulled her closer, kissing her softly on the mouth.

'I love you Gin.' he whispered, trailing kisses down her jawbone.

They made love several more times during the night before falling into an exhausted sleep. Ginny woke in the early hours of the morning to feel Harry shuddering in her arms.

'Harry?' she whispered. Harry began shaking harder as he curled into a ball and started whimpering softly. Suddenly he arched backwards as if under the Cruciatus, almost knocking her out of bed.

'Father.' Ginny practically screamed in her mind. 'Father.' she screamed again as she tried desperately to stop Harry from hurting himself. Suddenly the door was flung open and Severus and Draco hurried in.

'What happened?' Severus asked worriedly.

'A vision I think. We were asleep and I woke up when he began shuddering. He seemed to curl in on himself and then, this.' she gestured to Harry who was still writhing in pain on the bed. Severus knelt on the bed and grabbed Harry to him, ignoring the flailing limbs as they struck him several blows. He continued to hold him for almost an hour as Ginny left and came running back in with a wet cloth which she placed over his angry red scar.

'Oh Merlin.' she breathed as Harry suddenly lashed out and screamed before falling limp in Severus' arms. Severus lay him carefully down on the bed.

'I'll get him some potions. Stay with him.' he instructed his daughter as he and Draco walked from the room and into the next.

'That was a bad one.' Draco concluded. Severus nodded, slamming his hand down onto the desk.

'God damn it. One week. He needs just one more week.' he sighed.

'We don't know what that vision meant yet Severus.' Draco told him. 'It might not mean anything.' Severus shook his head.

'No. It was a warning. Something's happening. Something bad.' He stood up and grabbed two vials out of the drawer. 'Pack Draco.

Everything. We are returning to England today.' Draco watched as his godfather swept back out of the room.

Six hours later they group of four boarded an American Airlines flight to London on conjured British passports. Harry had woken several hours before, and after drinking heavily from his father, told them he was fit to leave. They decided muggle transport the best option, as apparating over water was difficult and tiring, and any other magical means, Fudge and Dumbledore would be monitoring closely.

'Harry, son.' Severus asked gently as the plane finally levelled out. 'Will you tell me about the vision.' Harry looked up at his father who was looking back at him carefully. 'Harry, please.'

'Father. He is going to attack Hogwarts in less than a week.' Harry whispered urgently. 'The students, all of those children will die. Once Hogwarts falls all will be lost. The wards are tied to all of the magical places in Britain. Diagon Alley, Stonehenge, all of the hidden magical houses and villages. If Hogwarts falls, all of the wards fall. The magical world will be exposed to the muggles and Voldemort will begin an ethnic cleansing the likes of which hasn't been seen since the mid twentieth century, except it won't be the Jews this time, it will be muggles.'

'Harry.' Severus said warningly as he felt the air around his son begin to thicken slightly.

'If he succeeds the whole world is in trouble. He won't stop at Britain, he will walk all over Europe before destroying the United States.' Harry was becoming quite upset and in an un-warded aeroplane thirty five thousand feet in the air this was causing Severus no small amount of worry. Quickly unbuckling both of their seat belts, signalling to the others that everything was okay, he bundled Harry up the aisle between the rows of seats and into the first class toilet at the back without anyone taking much notice except for the flight attendant.

'Is everything alright Sir?' she asked quietly.

'Yes, thank you. My son is just not feeling very well.' As soon as the door was closed and locked he pushed Harry's mouth down onto his

neck, sighing as he felt Harry begin to drink and the air around him return to normal. He stood there for several minutes, leaning back against the small sink, his arms around his son as the soft sound of suckling soothed him like no other.

'Harry. Are you alright?' he whispered as he felt Harry pull away and the small holes in his neck close up. Harry smiled up at his father, his green eyes glowing softly.

'Thank you Father.' he whispered. Severus smiled and unlocked the door, the two men making their way back to their seats. Draco was sitting next to the window, Ginny next to him. Both looked up as the two approached and breathed a sigh of relief at the expression on Harry's face.

'Okay.' Draco whispered, leaning across Ginny so Harry and his godfather could hear. 'What's the plan. I mean we can't just walk in there.'

'That's exactly what we are going to do.' Harry replied bluntly.

'Harry, are you crazy?' Ginny hissed. 'We can't just walk into Hogwarts. Dumbledore will kill us all.' Harry looked at his family one by one.

'You trust me, don't you?' he said softly.

'Of course.' Draco answered for them all.

'Well, this is the way we have to do it. The only way. We have to show them that they will do what we say if they want to survive this final battle. We have to show the Old Man that we won't be played with anymore. He is not God, and it's about time he learned that for every piece he moves on his great 'chessboard of life' there will be another move made back, whether he likes it or not.' Harry looked at the expressions of shock and pride on the three faces around him, blushing brightly.

'One of those 'sixty' moments, huh.' he said softly. Severus snorted.

'Definitely.' he chuckled.

The next six hours passed quickly enough and soon the plane landed at Heathrow and they all disembarked. It was almost six in the evening in London and the four grabbed their luggage and made their way out to the car park. When no one was looking they shrunk their luggage, placing it in their pockets before joining hands and apparating off with a soft pop.

As one the group stared up at the gates of Hogwarts. Harry gulped several times, calming slightly as he felt Ginny's hand slip into his and his father's strong arm snake across his shoulders.

'Are you sure, Harry?' he whispered. Harry nodded.

'Yes.' he said firmly. He waited as Draco took the invisibility potion they had made, before the others used their Vampiric ability to do the same, then they linked arms and started the long walk up to the castle.

There was a slight chill in the air. It was mid April after all, and the sun was just disappearing over the horizon. Harry pushed softly and the entrance doors opened quietly. They moved silently though the entrance hall to the large oak doors of the great hall. Another push and they swung open, the hall quieting as they all looked towards the door expectantly. The invisible group walked towards the head table and Ginny moved to stand by the left wall, Severus by the right. Draco was just behind Harry, who was standing in front of the headmaster, a glare to rival one of his father's plastered across his face. Of course, Dumbledore couldn't see it, not until Harry suddenly flickered into view causing an uproar in the hall. Without turning around Harry held up his hands and sent a push towards the doors causing them to close with a bang. This had the most wanted effect of instantly silencing the room.

'Harry. It is so good to see you again.' Dumbledore said brightly. If anything Harry's glare only got darker.

'Don't even speak to me Old Man.' he hissed vehemently. 'I have returned for two reasons and you are not the most important at present. I will get to you after Tom is dealt with.' To Harry's delight he saw a tiny flash of fear deep within the old wizard's eyes and lowered his voice so only the staff could hear.

'Voldemort is coming. He will attack you on Friday. I suggest you send the children home and prepare yourselves. I will agree to meet with the Aurors and the members of the Order tomorrow morning to let them know exactly what is coming and when.' With that Harry turned feeling Draco's steady hand on his lower back.

'Ah Harry, where are you going?' Dumbledore stood and quickly came around the table, reaching halfway down the hall before Harry stopped and turned around.

'I will be back in the morning. I have another place to stay tonight.' Harry said coldly.

'But Harry it isn't safe for you to leave.' the headmaster insisted. Harry burst out laughing.

'But I am safe here with you, right?' he guffawed.

'Of course, I would never hurt you.'

'Not until I have killed Riddle for you anyway.' Harry spat. 'Didn't stop you sending your precious Order after my family though, did it.'

'I can keep you safe, Harry.'

'I don't need you to keep me safe.' Harry yelled, shoving his magic towards the old man who stumbled back several steps, his eyes wide as he felt himself leaning back against someone, a wand pointed at his throat. 'You can't even keep yourself safe.' Suddenly Ginny and Severus also flickered into view as the potion Draco had taken wore off. Severus was standing directly in front of the headmaster as Ginny stood behind him, her wand digging into his neck. There was a gasp from the students as they took in the sight of their all powerful Headmaster held at wand point.

'Good evening, Old Man.' Severus hissed. 'I would say it was good to see you again, but its not, so why bother.' Dumbledore dove into his robes for his wand. 'Uh, uh.' Severus smirked, twirling the headmaster's wand between his fingers. Still smirking he stepped around the old man and walked up to the head table, handing the wand to Minerva.

'He can have it back later, if he agrees to play nice.' The ex potions master told her. Minerva nodded and smiled sadly.

'We are really sorry.' she whispered.

'I know.' he replied. 'We will talk more tomorrow.' The tall man moved back and walked down towards Harry. He collected his daughter on the way who kissed Harry's cheek and turned to face the old man, allowing those at the head table to finally see her face.

'Ginny?' Ron said incredulously.

'That's Ginevra to you, Weasley.' she retorted coldly.

'Ginny Weasley, where are your manners.' Hermione scolded. Ginny frowned.

'I believe they were obliterated with most of my memories, but you will have to ask your dear headmaster or Arthur about that.'

'We will see you tomorrow.' Harry said curtly as Draco swallowed another vial and the others flickered back out of view. Everyone in the hall was looking between the headmaster and where the four intruders had been standing.

Suddenly the doors opened once more and they heard a disembodied voice called out. 'Oh, and that's Ginevra Potter to you, Granger.' before the door slammed soundly shut.

'Do we know what time they will be returning?' Was the first thing Minerva asked as they gathered in the headmaster's office after dinner.

'They were not specific.' Albus ground out. 'They just said in the morning.'

'Why in the hell was my sister with them.' Ron said angrily. 'And what did she mean by being obliterated.' The headmaster sighed wearily.

'I'm sorry Ronald, but that's none of your concern.' Ron saw red.

'None of my concern. None of my concern.' he yelled. 'It's my bloody sister. What did you do to her?' Albus sighed once and fixed his steely gaze on the red head.

'I did exactly what everyone else wanted to.' he said. 'I shut her up. Now, get out. I have things to do. I will see you all at breakfast tomorrow.' The rest of the staff looked at the headmaster open mouthed as he got up and walked over to the fireplace, throwing in some Floo Powder before yelling 'Ministry of Magic' and disappearing in the flames.

'He is out.' Hermione began.

'Not here.' Minerva said quickly. She quickly led the way out of the room and down the stairs. They crossed the castle and up one flight to the fourth floor. Back and forwards down a particular hallway and into the Room of Requirement, where the door was warded heavily.

'He's out of control.' Hermione said firmly.

'You are correct Hermione, but you must be more careful what you say and where in the castle you say it.' Minerva scolded. 'I think at this point there isn't much that we can do until we meet with Harry and the others in the morning.'

'Should we get in touch with Kingsley?' Remus asked. Minerva shook her head.

'I'm sure Albus will tell them. I will let them know that we will meet in here tomorrow.' Everyone nodded and slowly they left the room, each with their own thoughts.

'Should I let my mum know that Ginny is back?' Ron whispered to Hermione as they reached their quarters. Hermione looked up at him sadly.

'I would wait until tomorrow. From what she said, Arthur knew what had happened but she didn't say anything about Molly. Let's wait and see what she has to say tomorrow. I imagine Molly will be at the meeting anyway.'

‘You’re right.’ Ron sighed. ‘God only knows how we are supposed to sleep tonight.’

‘You did good in there.’ Severus said proudly as the group reappeared down near the gates. ‘Very calm and in control. Well done.’ Harry blushed brightly.

‘Thank you, Father.’ he whispered as they apparated to the flat in London Draco had prepared for them over a year ago.

All the planning had been completed on the plane over the Atlantic so the newlyweds, their father and his godson went out for a celebratory dinner.

Arriving home just after midnight they all happily went to bed. The next day so well planned that they knew they had nothing to worry about. Harry bid his father and Draco goodnight before he and Ginny went to bed.

Draco followed soon after. Only Severus stayed up longer, silently going over the plans for the next week until he too, went to bed.

It was just after ten in the morning. The students had been confined to their dormitories and told to pack as almost sixty people gathered in the great hall impatiently waiting for the four guests of yesterday to reappear.

Kingsley, Tonks, Minerva, Hermione and Filius were whispering in a corner as they watched, Albus, Fudge and Arthur Weasley do the same in another. Ron had pulled his mother into the small chamber off the hall to tell her about Ginny and, judging from the look of absolute horror on Arthur’s face, Albus had obviously just informed him as well.

Before the rumours in the hall could reach fever pitch however, the huge oak doors were thrown open and Harry and his family stood framed in the doorway. The sight of them shocking most in the room. Draco had been gone for just over a month, Severus for almost a year. But other than a flying visit almost twelve months ago Harry hadn’t been seen since he was sent to Azkaban and Ginny for almost the same. All were dressed in muggle jeans and shirts and, except for

Ginny, who was in a long royal blue cashmere coat, were wearing leather jackets of varying lengths. You could tell by looking at them that the four were incredibly close, even though Ginny had only been with them for a short time and Draco had not been Turned, with Ginny's hand pressed tightly in Harry's, Severus had a hand on each of the boy's shoulders and Draco had one hand on Harry's back in a gesture that Harry for some reason found unusually comforting.

'Ginny?' Molly breathed, hurrying across the hall towards her daughter. Ginny's head whipped around and Molly stopped over two metres away at the cold and angry look on her daughter's face.

'Stay away from me.' the young woman hissed, only calming as Harry wrapped an arm around her waist and the group started to walk towards the head table. The hall was silent as they reached the small stage and turned, Harry instantly locking eyes with the three in the far corner.

'Leave.' he said bluntly.

'Now Harry.' Albus began.

'Leave now.' The voice was cold and harsh.

'Mr Potter. How will we know.' Fudge interceded.

'I said to leave. All three of you, get out. Otherwise, we will leave right now, and I can promise you, you will never find us.' The air around Harry began thickening as both Severus and Ginny wrapped arms around him to calm him down.

'Harry, we need to know what you have planned.' Albus pleaded. Harry's eyes seemed to glow as he glared at the man.

'No, you don't.' he spat. 'For two reasons. One, you won't be out on the battlefield anyway, because I don't need you and I don't trust you, and two, I can't stand to look at you any longer. So either you leave willingly or you will never see any of us again and I will leave Voldemort to take my revenge for me.' Albus looked around at the others in the hall, a few carried a look of confusion but most, anger or betrayal. His eyes managed to land on Kingsley Shacklebolt who was

looking at him with a slight smirk on his face. He knew then that they had found them, they all knew what he had done and he felt the last of his control to leave him, diving into his robes for his wand and instantly firing a curse off towards the group up on the stage.

Harry leapt forward in front of his father at whom the curse was directed and pushed. The curse stopping mere inches from his chest. Hatred filled his eyes as he brought his left hand up and closed it over the curse instantly absorbing it's energy. He shrugged off his father's hand that had come to rest on his shoulder and walked down the steps to stand feet away from the headmaster. The Order members and the Aurors watched horrified as Harry held out his hand. Harry again saw the flash of fear in the old man's eyes and smiled inwardly.

'I asked you politely to leave and instead you tried to kill my father. Yes, I know what that curse was. I knew the minute I absorbed it.' Albus stiffened slightly. 'Although I'm sure no one else in the room would know, and even if they did who would believe the Head of the Order of the Phoenix would use dark magic.' Harry whistled and suddenly Fawkes flew in and over to perch on Harry's shoulder. Several in the room gasped.

'But..but how?' Albus stammered. 'You're a vampire.' Harry chuckled and reach up to scratch the deep scarlet feathers on Fawkes' chest. Severus breathed a small sigh of relief as the phoenix landed on Harry's shoulder and he felt the tension in his son relax instantly.

'Yes, I am. But I have never bitten anyone without their permission., nor have I Turned anyone and I, unlike you have never, ever used dark magic or any magic with the intent to harm anyone. I'm sorry Old Man but he doesn't belong to you anymore, he has chosen another. Now, hand over your wand.' Albus shook his head and raised his wand towards Harry. He stopped however, when he found almost every other wand in the room pointed back at him.

'Your time is past, Old Man. What you have done to me and others all in the name of your precious war is something that can never be undone. But I am bigger and better than you. I will give you one more chance, something you never gave Ginny or I, and you will take it. Weasley, Fudge, why don't you escort the headmaster.' he said

sarcastically. 'out of the hall as neither of you are wanted either.' A trembling Fudge and a stammering Arthur grabbed one of Dumbledore's arms and practically hauled him from the room, but not before Harry snatched the old man's wand out of his hands as they passed.

'I would recommend you do not set the plan in motion you currently have locked in your desk drawer, or the final chance you have just been given shall be forfeit, and the Dementors of Azkaban will have a soul like no other.' Harry said quietly, but firmly, just before the huge doors closed. Harry stared at the door for several moments before Fawkes nipped his ear, reminding him of why he was there. As he turned and walked back toward the others he could see a pale and scared Molly Weasley and felt a small flash of sorrow for the woman who had not only lost a daughter but a husband too. The secrets that Arthur had kept would tear the family apart.

When he reached the head table his father reached up and tenderly stroked his cheek.

'Well done, my Son.' he whispered.

'Thank you Father.' he smiled kissing Ginny on the nose and nodding to Draco before he turned once more. He smiled gently as Tonks, Kingsley and the others all grinned at him.

'Good morning.' he said softly. 'Thank you all for coming and I apologise for the little show you unfortunately had to witness. Voldemort is coming.' he added bluntly as numbers in the room flinched.

'He will be attacking Hogwarts on Friday. He knows this is the last place in Britain hold the wards tying to the magical world and he will make it falls if it is the last thing he does.' Harry leaned back until he was resting on the table.

'Thankfully, it will be, and it is up to us to make sure it happens before the wards go.'

For over two hours the Aurors and Order members spent planning for the battle. Many had thought up some very good ideas and Harry

listen to all, adding many to the original plan. No one seemed to mind that Harry and Severus were Vampires and Kingsley and the others had obviously not mentioned to anyone about Ginny.

‘Minerva, Kingsley can we see you two privately.’ Harry called as everyone began filing from the room. The chosen three glanced at each other before nodding and joining the group by the table. Hermione and Ron stood nervously nearby.

‘Ah, Harry?’ Hermione asked tentatively. ‘Can we please talk to you and Ginevra?’ Ginny smirked at Harry at the use of the full name. Harry sighed.

‘Later. We will be staying in the castle, I will come and find you.’ Hermione nodded and started pulling Ron from the room. Harry saw them meet up with Molly just outside the door and sighed again before closing the doors and warding them firmly.

‘We are staying in the castle, Harry?’ Severus asked.

‘I don’t trust the Old Man enough to leave him alone.’ Harry admitted.

‘Probably a good idea.’ the dark haired man agreed. Harry smiled and turned to face the two newcomers.

‘I have asked you two to stay because we need your help. Before the war began thirty odd years ago the wards of Hogwarts were tied to the castle. They were transferred to the Headmaster at times of conflict and transferred back in times of peace. We know the wards are currently held by the Old Man and so does Tom. We need to get him to relinquish them and give them to someone that Tom would never suspect held them.’ Harry smiled gently.

‘That’s why you’re here Minerva. Tom would never guess that the Old Man would give you the wards.’

‘But I’m not strong enough to carry them.’ Minerva countered.

‘I know, that’s why Tom would never suspect. And that’s why my Father and I will be carrying some as well.’ Smiles broke out on both

Kingsley and Minerva's faces. 'We will be carrying the defensive wards, you will take the others.'

'Oh, that's brilliant.' Minerva breathed. 'There is no way for the other wards to fall if the defensive ones are still intact and Tom would never guess that Albus gave you two the wards, he knows Albus hates you both.'

'The feeling is mutual.' Harry said dryly.

'And with your bond, if, Merlin forbid, something happens, the other can continue to keep the wards intact. Harry, you're a genius.'

'Don't speak too soon. We have to convince the Old Man first.' Harry said.

'Well, let's go.' Kingsley said brightly. Harry smiled as he and Ginny led the way from the hall, Severus and Draco following and the Deputy Headmistress and the Head Auror trailing closely behind. He took no notice of the whispers as they headed towards the headmaster's office. They saw a small group waiting outside the gargoyle and stopped.

'He's changed the password.' Filius squeaked. Harry moved through the group and stood in front of the gargoyle and pushed. The magic of Hogwarts pushed back, hard, but with the help of the Phoenix on his shoulder Harry managed to convince the gargoyle it was imperative they get in. The stone figure jumped aside and Harry leapt up the stairs, stopping just over the threshold of the room as he took in the sight before him. The room was trashed and Arthur Weasley was lying unconscious in the middle of the floor. Harry turned to see the groups all looking hopefully at him.

'He's gone. Fudge too.' he growled.

There's another one. I will have the next chapter up in a day or two. The final battle and repercussions.

Please review and let me know what you think.

Regards,

Mione5

Chapter 7 - I have a future now.

The stone figure jumped aside and Harry leapt up the stairs, stopping just over the threshold of the room as he took in the sight before him. The room was trashed and Arthur Weasley was lying unconscious in the middle of the floor. Harry turned to see the groups all looking hopefully at him.

‘He’s gone. Fudge too.’ he growled.

‘Oh dear.’ Minerva whispered.

‘The Ministry?’ Kingsley suggested. Harry shook his head.

‘I don’t think so, but you might as well send Fletcher and Arabella to check.’ Suddenly Fawkes chirped and nipped Harry’s ear. ‘Fawkes, you know when he is?’ Fawkes chirped again and leaned his head against Harry’s.

‘You’re kidding.’ Harry breathed as the Phoenix sent him an image of where the two men were.

‘What? What did he say? Where are they?’ Draco asked. Harry grinned wryly.

‘It seems that something that should have been shut tight twenty odd years ago, wasn’t.’ he mused. ‘How ironic.’ Ginny paled as she realised what Harry was talking about.

‘Where?’ Severus asked bluntly.

‘The Chamber of Secrets.’ Severus gasped, as did several others.

‘But that was closed during your second year.’ Minerva insisted.

‘Apparently not. Wait here.’ Harry moved towards the door only to find his father blocking the way.

‘Son, you are not going down there by yourself.’ he said quietly.

‘Father. I have to go. It is too dangerous for anyone else.’

'But Harry, you need.' Harry held up a hand to halt the coming words.

'Father, please. I have to know why.' Harry whispered, his eyes filling with tears. 'I have to know why.' he repeated. Severus gazed down at him and realised it was something Harry had to do.

'Please be careful.' Severus whispered in acquiescence. Harry nodded and kissed his cheek, ducking out the door and down the steps as he heard Ginny screaming for him.

The girls bathroom on the second floor was exactly as Harry remembered it. The sink seemed to be in place but Harry reached a hand out and felt the stirrings of the Confundus Charm that had been placed on it. He pushed hard with his mind and the charm dissolved, showing the opening to the Chamber of Secrets. Harry swallowed several times as his past threatened to rear it's ugly head, and carefully levitated himself down the hole.

The cave in had not been cleared but Harry had no problem crawling over the top of it. The door was open and he walked in, startled to see the two older wizards perched tensely in armchairs underneath the big stone face of Salazar Slytherin. He walked slowly and quietly towards them, stopping within metres of their chairs. It was then he noticed the wand lying just at his feet. Fudge's, as Dumbledore's was already in his pocket.

'You knew I would come' Harry said bluntly, bending down to pick up the wand and put it in his pocket next to the other.

'Hoped, is probably a better word.' Albus said softly. Fudge stood and gestured to his chair before going to stand beside the headmaster.

'You have changed, Minister.' Harry said sarcastically, 'The Cornelius Fudge I remember would never have given his seat up to another.'

'Harry.' Albus began.

'Do not call me that. You lost that right seventeen years ago.'

'Mr Potter, I apologise for my actions this morning. I don't know what came over me.'

Harry swallowed.

'Why down here?'

'Had to get away from everyone else for a bit.'

'And Arthur?'

'Fell over the side table.' Fudge muttered.

'Why? Why me?' Harry asked quietly, sitting tensely on the edge of the offered seat. 'What did I do to deserve what you did to me?' Dumbledore didn't even look at Fudge before answering.

'Nothing Mr Potter. You did nothing to deserve what I did to you.' the old man said sadly. 'I was desperate and worried and I panicked. I failed, just as I have done for most of your life. I failed when I placed you with your Aunt. I failed when I hired Quirrell. And when I hired Lockhart. I failed when I allowed Crouch into the school under the guise of Moody. In fact, your entire fourth year was a disaster that I don't even want to get into. Merlin, your fifth year. By not arming you with the information you needed in your fifth year, you lost the one person who meant more to you than anything. The one father figure you had.' Dumbledore had tears collecting in the corners of his eyes but Harry was not fooled. 'And in your sixth year, when you pulled away from everyone and everything, instead of trusting you and talking to you, I sent you to a hell on earth because I was afraid.'

'Is that some sort of a warped apology, because I don't accept.' Harry said bitterly.

'I don't expect you to. All I ask is that after the battle is over, after Voldemort is destroyed you give me one chance to try and explain properly.'

'Can't think on your feet so well then.' Harry spat. Albus shook his head.

'It's not that, Mr Potter. I need some time to work out myself what happened. I don't want to lie to you anymore and at the moment, I

have been lying too much, even to myself, to know what is truth and what isn't.' Harry laughed bitterly.

'And what of my Father? Was he someone you lied to as well?'

'No. I believe it was Severus who lied to me.' Dumbledore said, an angry glint flashing in his eyes.

'Why? Because he tried to stop you.' Harry shot back, his temperature rising. 'Because he believed in me.'

'Because he took you away from me.'

'You pushed me away long before Severus ever found me.' Harry hissed. 'I was just a weapon to you. I was a pawn for you to play around with until I had to be trotted out to face the Dark Lord. You didn't help me. You didn't train me. Nothing. I was just a sacrifice. You sacrificed my future for your own.' Harry yelled, standing quickly. The air thickened around them and Fudge stepped back several steps.

'Son, are you alright?' came the soft voice of his father in his head as he felt a soothing wash of love sweep through his chest from Ginny. He took several deep breaths to try and calm himself.

'Well, I have a future now and I refuse to let you take it away from me.' he added quietly, his hands fisted by his sides. The urge to blast the two men in front of him to smithereens was getting stronger.

'What now, Mr Potter?' Fudge asked hesitantly.

'Now, Minister, I need you and the headmaster to return to his office. There is something else we must discuss.' Harry could feel the level of tension rising and struggled to control it. Harry picked up a piece of rock that was sitting nearby and changed it into a portkey. His hands shaking as his emotions threatened to overwhelm him once more.

'Here. It will take you up.' he handed it to the Minister.

'Aren't you coming?' Harry shook his sharply. 'I will meet you there in a few minutes. I have to do something first.' He nodded towards the

still open chamber door. Harry waited as the two men clasped the portkey between them and disappeared with a pop, before turning and sprinting from the chamber, the air around him crackling and humming.

‘Father, Father. I need you.’ he yelled though his mind.

‘Where?’

‘Second floor girls toilet. Gin knows.’

‘Clossse.’ he hissed in parseltongue as he ran through the entrance way. He saw Fawkes hovering at the base of the pipe and thanked Merlin. He was in no fit state to levitate himself up the pipe.

He grabbed hold of Fawkes tail and held on tight, praying his father would get there in time. They rocketed up and out of the pipe, and Harry, seeing his father standing there, didn’t wait for the Phoenix to land, instead, letting go and dropping to the ground. Severus, instantly knowing what was wrong, crossed the room and grabbed Harry tightly, pushing his son’s head hard down on his neck as Draco closed and warded the door. Draco and Ginny glanced at each other nervously as around them toilets overflowed and pipes burst. Severus had his eyes closed and was whispering non-stop in Harry’s ear as he tried to calm his son down.

‘You did well to hold it as long as you did. I love you.’ he whispered over and over.

Tiles flew off the wall and several sinks exploded before Harry was able to reign his emotions in. Draco could hear pounding and calling from the other side of the door but he ignored it as he watched his godfather continue trying to calm Harry down. Ginny had crossed the room and started rubbing circles on Harry’s back. Gently Severus lifted Harry’s head and pushed him towards Ginny.

‘Drink from your wife.’ he said. Harry shook his head.

‘No, I’m alright.’ he insisted.

'Harry, do as your told. You need it. You will need it more soon.' Severus said firmly. Harry nodded and Ginny drew him close, kissing him softly before tilting her head and exposing her neck. Harry breathed in the soft smell of her perfume as he sank his fangs into her neck.

The banging outside the door had stopped when everything had settled down but it was almost ten minutes before the group opened the door and stepped outside, immediately heading towards the headmaster's office.

'Who did that?' Ron breathed as several looked in at the destruction wreaked on the bathroom.

'Harry.' Kingsley said softly before turning on his heel and striding after Harry.

Harry walked into the office, please to see that the two men had followed his instructions and were waiting patiently inside. He waited as his family, together with Minerva and Kingsley, walked in before closing and warding the door.

'Minister, I believe it would be prudent for you to return to the Ministry at this time.' Harry said softly. Fudge glanced at Albus, who nodded, and sighing heavily, crossed the room, tossed some Floo Powder into the fire and was whisked away by the flames.

'Now, Mr Potter. What did you need to discuss with me?' Dumbledore asked hesitantly. Draco and Severus exchanged quiet glances at the Old Man's use of Harry's last name. Obviously there had been progress of some sort down in the Chamber.

'The wards, Headmaster.' Harry said firmly. 'You will release them.'

'And just who will I be releasing them to?'

'Professor McGonagall and myself.' Harry thought that including his father at this time would not be sensible, going by the old man's statement down in the Chamber. He would find out soon enough.

'Why?'

'Because, as I told you, I don't trust you.' Harry began.

'But.'

'And.' Harry interrupted him. 'Tom knows you have them. So, we need to change that.' Dumbledore looked at Harry for a long time before nodding slowly.

'Alright.' the old man whispered. Standing up, he came around the desk to stand in front of Harry and gestured to Minerva to stand next to him. Harry bit the inside of his cheek trying desperately to stifle a flinch as the headmaster grasped his hand in his. He took Minerva's in his other hand as Severus, out of direct sight of the Old Man, placed his hand on Harry's lower back.

Dumbledore closed his eyes and began mumbling softly under his breath. At first nothing happened but soon Harry felt tingling making its way through his fingers and up his arms. Soon the tingling was all over him and he found it hard to concentrate. As each ward was handed over he had to decide whether to keep it, or push it over to Minerva. He tried giving her the castle wards, the ones for the building itself, but she shook her head and refused to take them meaning Harry had to. By the time Albus finished mumbling Harry held about three quarters and Minerva the rest. She had just kept the basic ones like portraits and house elves and the ceiling in the great hall. Harry swayed slightly as the force of the wards hit him. He looked up into the blue eyes in front of him.

'How long, exactly, have you been carrying these?' Harry asked. Albus sighed.

'I held them for three years until you were one and then they were tied to the castle for the next fourteen until Voldemort was resurrected. I took them again then and have held them ever since.' Harry's eyes narrowed.

'How do you feel? Now, I mean.' Albus looked thoughtful for several minutes before answering.

'Honestly. Awfully fuzzy. Like everything is slightly off kilter.' Harry reached out and grabbed the old man's arm.

‘Sit down.’ Harry ordered.

‘Harry, what is it?’ Ginny whispered.

‘Kingsley. Call St Mungo’s and ask their Neuro-wizard to come immediately. Minerva can I see you privately for a moment?’ The witch nodded and followed Harry into the sitting room off the office.

‘What has the Old Man’s general demeanour been like over the last years.’ He asked as soon as the doors were warded.

‘He’s...well...He’s always been a little eccentric.’ she said nervously. Harry rolled his eyes.

‘Professor, I need you to be brutally honest with me.’ he said urgently.

‘He’s crazy.’ she said sadly. ‘and he gets worse every year. The slightest thing sets him off. He’s more paranoid than a rabbit in a lion’s den, and he forgets almost everything you tell him. Occasionally he has very lucid moments, but they are getting fewer and further between.’ Harry sighed and slumped down against the wall.

‘I thought they might be.’

‘What is it, what’s wrong with him?’ Harry sighed and grasped her hand in his. He pushed the wards over towards her for a moment and jumped, as she yelped and snatched her hand back, instantly bringing it up to rub at her temples.

‘What in Merlin’s name was that?’ she stammered.

‘That is the wards.’ Harry said slowly.

‘Are you saying that Albus’ mind has been affected by carrying the wards for so long?’

‘I believe so but we must get a specialist’s opinion.’ The two returned to find the headmaster asleep on the sofa with Severus watching over him, an unidentifiable expression on his face. Ginny and Draco were whispering quietly in the corner.

'Kingsley back yet?' Harry questioned.

'No.' Draco replied. Harry walked over to his father and touched his arm.

'Father,' he said softly. 'Are you alright?' Severus turned his gaze from the sleeping man and looked at Harry, his expression instantly softening.

'I'm fine.' he whispered.

'We don't know why yet.'

'I know.' Severus sighed. 'It would make it easier if that was what it was but I still don't trust him.'

'Neither do I.' Harry confirmed. 'It doesn't excuse what he did, but at least it goes some way into explaining why.'

'How do you feel? The wards, I mean.' Severus looked deep into his son's eyes.

'Fine at the moment. But they are not something I would want to carry around for very long.' Just then the fire flared and emitted Kingsley and a rather sooty, balding man who bore a remarkable resemblance to Sybil Trelawney.

'This is Healer Whipstaff. St Mungo's best.' Kingsley said, introducing the man. He looked startled enough at seeing Severus, but when his eyes finally landed on Harry, quickly flicking up to check the existence of the ever present scar, he gaped openly. Harry rolled his eyes before walking slowly over to the sofa.

'Healer Whipstaff. I need you to discern the current state of the headmaster's mental capacity.' The specialist tore his eyes away from Harry's forehead and turned to the old man lying prone on the sofa. The rest of the group moved away, giving the man plenty of room to work.

'How you doing?' Ginny asked softly, winding her arms slowly around Harry's waist. He smiled as he gazed down into her chocolate brown

eyes. She had such love in them. Harry had given up the thought of seeing that from anyone but his father.

‘Okay.’ he whispered noncommittally, kissing her gently.

‘Honestly?’ she raised an eyebrow in question. Harry sighed.

‘I don’t know. Gin, I just don’t know. So much has changed in the last twenty four hours. I’m scared. I don’t want it all to change. I want to go back to New York.’ he whispered. Ginny reached up and cupped his cheek as he felt his father place a calming hand on his shoulder.

‘One week.’ she said softly. ‘Give them one week. After that, I promise we will return to New York whether Voldemort is dead or not. We’ve come all this way.’ Harry nodded and sighed, kissing her once more before pulling her tightly to him.

‘They are very close.’ Kingsley mused quietly to Draco a few feet away.

‘They were married three days ago.’ Draco confirmed. Kingsley smiled.

‘I imagine Severus instigated that.’ He snickered. Draco rolled his eyes, but smiled anyway.

‘Once we met up with her it was only a matter of time. The Turning that night just made it less.’

‘So are you all going back to New York? When this is over, I mean.’ Kingsley asked, feigning disinterest. Draco smiled inwardly. Voldemort hadn’t even arrived at Hogwarts and they were trying to find out if they were staying afterwards.

‘Probably.’ Draco said nonchalantly as the Neuro-wizard came over to the group.

‘Whipstaff?’ Severus said. The Healer rubbed the top of his balding head with a handkerchief and shifted nervously.

'It seems as if the connection between each side of the Headmaster's brain has been severed. It could only have happened under an extreme amount of pressure over an extended period of time. I have only heard about something like this happening once before.' Minerva gasped.

'How would that effect the old man's actions?' Severus asked. The look of shock at the other man's use of such a derisive term about the headmaster did not go unnoticed, but was ignored.

'Healer Whipstaff?' Harry prompted.

'Oh, right, yes. As one side of the brain is used for logic and the other more for emotions it would have been very difficult for him to distinguish between what was right and what was wrong when using his emotions. His memory was very badly damaged as well. That part of his brain looks like he has been under the Cruciatus for an extended period.'

'What now?' Minerva asked softly.

'I feel that it would be best if he returned with me to St Mungo's. I have some other tests I would like to run and some potions and other treatments I am hopeful may be helpful.'

Minerva glanced at Harry, who nodded.

'This needs to be kept relatively secret.' Severus added.

'No, Father.' Harry sent telepathically. 'It doesn't matter that much. If Voldemort finds out that the Old Man isn't here he will be more confident when he comes. Something that will help with his downfall.' Severus nodded imperceptibly but said nothing. Harry picked up a paperweight off the desk and closed his eyes. Pushing some of his magic into it he tuned it to St Mungo's and handed it to the Healer.

'Portkey.' he explained. 'It will take you straight to the Neuro ward.'

'Thank you.' the man stammered, holding carefully to the headmaster's wrist before they both disappeared. Silence reigned over the room for several minutes before Harry finally spoke.

'I suppose you should alert the students as to what's going on.' he told Minerva.

'Do we really need to send them home?' she asked hesitantly. 'Can we not just ward the dungeons and move all of the students down there?'

'Minerva is right. If we send the students home. Riddle will know we are here and waiting for him.' Severus added, leaning back against the table.

'But protecting that many students. Father, I don't know.' Harry whispered.

'You can do it Harry.' Severus said softly but firmly.

'Although, I'm sure Tom has been advised of our arrival already.' Ginny said.

'Probably not.' Minerva stammered, reaching into her robes and pulling out a small stack of letters. 'I rerouted all the owls.' she added sheepishly. Harry and the others gaped at her.

'Why Minerva, I didn't think you had it in you.' Severus smirked.

'You would be surprised just what I have in me, Severus Snape.' the elderly witch retorted. The group laughed softly and began heading towards the door.

'Harry. I must say something to you before we join the others.' Minerva said nervously just as Draco reached out to open the door. Harry looked at his old professor quizzically.

'Go on.' he prompted.

'I know I apologised to you almost a year ago but I want to add something to it. I've wanted to add something to it for a while now.' Harry nodded, encouraging her to continue.

'While I didn't know what Albus had done to you, that is no excuse for what I did. I was your Head of House and I should have trusted you. I

knew both of your parents very well, and I know they would be horrified that you had been thought of, and treated, so badly. I know you can never forget what happened, my only hope is that you can forgive an old woman her mistakes. Her stupidity for believing an old man she thought she really knew, over a young man she really should have got to know better.' By the time she had finished her little speech, tears were pricking at the corner of Harry's eyes. His gaze dropped down to the floor, almost staring a hole through it, as he felt his father's hand land gently on his shoulder.

'Professor, I...I don't.' Harry began but trailed off.

'Just say exactly what you are feeling, Harry.' Minerva said kindly. 'To put it in your words. Be brutally honest with me. It is the only way we can work through this. If you want to that is?' she added nervously.

'I do.' Harry whispered, dropping heavily into a nearby seat. 'I just don't know where to start. My feelings have been so mixed up for so long.' Minerva sat across from Harry and looked at him.

'Tell me, it doesn't matter the order, just tell me the feelings.' she insisted. Harry took a deep breath.

'I felt, feel, hurt and betrayed. You all knew me. I was just sixteen and yet you all believed I could have done what he said I did.' Once he started he found he couldn't stop.

'You all believed that, because they hated me, because they treated me badly, that I could turn around and do that to them. I couldn't do that to anybody.' he whispered, horrified as images flashed before his eyes.

'I blamed myself at first. If I hadn't pulled away, been so secretive, then you all might not have been so quick to condemn. It has taken me many, many years, as well as the love of my family to realise that I was wrong. It wasn't my fault. It was yours. All of yours. Together, you all managed to condemn the one person you needed most. The one person who would have done anything for any of you. One person who was just so lost. I was lost, and alone, and afraid, and instead of finding me and helping me, you all turned off the lights and left me alone.' Harry choked out the last sentence. His small

voice sounding as lost as he had obviously felt. Both Minerva and Ginny had tears streaming down their faces and even Draco and Kingsley were looking moist eyed. The only one dry eyed in the room was Severus, and it was he that knelt down in front of Harry and gathered his son in his arms.

‘You’re not alone anymore, Harry. You will never be alone again. You have a family now and we all love you.’ he whispered in Harry’s ear as he hugged him close.

‘Oh Harry, Merlin. I’m so sorry. So, so sorry.’ Minerva said sadly. Harry pulled back and looked at her.

‘I know you are and I thank you for everything you have done over the last year. But I still don’t really understand why, and until I do I don’t know if I can forgive. I will try. Maybe over the next few days, spending time with you, I may learn something that helps. I just ask that you give me some time.’ Harry pleaded softly.

‘Of course, Harry. Take all the time you need.’ Minerva reached out to place her hand on his arm but Harry instantly recoiled, almost falling back off the chair.

‘S...sorry.’ he stammered at her wide eyed expression. Minerva smiled, but in her eyes, the others in the room could see that she was just beginning to realise, to what extent the effect of what they had done, had had on the young man in front of her.

‘We really should go down and see the students. It’s dinner time after all.’ Draco said diplomatically. Harry threw the blond a grateful look, as did his father, and the group finally headed towards the door. One after the other they filed down the staircase, meeting a small, but vocal group at the bottom of the stairs. Minerva quickly dealt with the questions like a seasoned professional, answering everyone’s queries, but never actually saying anything of importance. That would wait until she had everyone gathered together.

Thirty minutes later the last of the students made their way into the great hall. The Aurors and Order members having left hours ago. Draco had resumed his position at the head table with Harry, Severus and Ginny sitting nearby. Severus could see the students looking at

them in confusion. Most of them had seen him and Harry leave almost a year ago and their return yesterday. When he thought about it he was surprised that only a handful had written home to their parents.

‘Only the Death Eater’s kids.’ Harry said knowingly. ‘The others would have waited to see what happened.’

‘How?’ Harry snorted.

‘Your face shows many different expressions, Father. If one only knows how to look.’ Severus smiled and shook his head. Another thing that made the students look at him strangely.

‘Severus.’ Draco scolded. ‘Stop smiling. You’re scaring everybody.’ The older man just smirked at his godson as Minerva rose and tapped her glass. The hall quietened and turned towards her expectantly.

‘Good evening students.’ she said briskly. ‘I understand that it has been a very unusual day and unfortunately, I have some news that will only make it worse. I’m afraid that the Headmaster has taken ill and has been taken to St Mungo’s. At this stage we don’t know how long he will be gone but until he returns I will be taking over his duties.’ The students broke out into hushed whispers, making Minerva tap her glass once more.

‘Now, I know you have all spent the day packing and are probably wondering why. You will stay in your dormitories tonight but from tomorrow all of you will be moving to the dungeons.’ Nearly every student in the hall groaned. The Slytherins because they had to share, and the other three houses because they had to share with the Slytherins.

‘I know. I know. But it is only for a few days. Classes will be held as usual until Friday.’ Minerva left the end of that sentence purposely obtuse but most of the students didn’t even notice. They were still harping on to each other about the horrors of having to share.

‘There will also be numerous people walking around the school over the next four days. Please just ignore them and go about your

learning. They will all be here for a reason and do not need you to question them or get in their way. Thank you.' She sat down as the food appeared on the tables and the whispering increased ten fold.

'Minerva would it be alright if we went down and started the changes required for the dungeons. It will take a lot out of Harry and he will need to rest overnight before he can finish it.' Severus said quietly. Minerva nodded and Harry and the others stood.

'I will send some food up to your quarters.' she said, laying a hand on Hermione's arm as she stood to follow them. Harry smiled softly and turned to leave, Severus, Ginny and Draco following.

'Do not say anything to him tonight.' Minerva warned. 'He isn't ready to talk yet. I promise you will speak with him soon, but he really isn't ready yet.' Hermione nodded.

'I just wanted to watch.' she said honestly. Minerva looked at her, seeing the truth in her eyes and sighed.

'Alright, but please do not upset him. You remember what Kingsley said and you both saw the bathroom, we do need the castle still standing.' Hermione nodded and grabbing Ron's arm, they left quickly.

'You heard what Minerva said?' she asked Ron. The red head nodded.

'I won't say anything. I promise.' he swore solemnly. Hermione knew he wouldn't promise something it he didn't mean it and smiled gently.

'Come on.' she whispered as they hurried towards the dungeons.

Harry stood in the middle of the Slytherin common room. It hadn't changed in over twenty years since he had seen it during his second year at Hogwarts. Pushing down that threatening past once more, he turned his thoughts to the task at hand.

'How much bigger do you think it needs to be?' he asked.

'I think at least twice if not three times.' Draco suggested.

‘Dormitories?’

‘We can do them tomorrow. Let’s just do the common room and ward it today.’ Severus said firmly. ‘It has been a long day and I want you to get some rest.’ Harry nodded and knelt down on the ground, as the other three moved to stand by the entrance. He leaned forward and placed both hands flat on the floor and closed his eyes. With a sigh he released his magic until it swirled around him and pulsed softly, as if waiting for instructions, which in actuality, it was.

The others couldn’t make out what it was Harry was saying but it seemed as if he was talking to Hogwarts herself. Severus whipped around when he heard the portrait open and held a finger to his lips. Hermione nodded, but Ron almost fell through the doorway when he caught sight of Harry kneeling on the floor.

Harry slowly stood up, his eyes still closed as he walked across to the wall in front of him. He lifted both hands up until they were resting palms out, just below shoulder height and about six inches off the wall. Several muttered sentences later and Harry pushed his hands towards the wall. Ron and Hermione almost fell over in shock as the wall seemed to just move backwards away from his hands. A soft rumbling continued as the wall moved further and further away from Harry. When it was far enough, Harry dropped his hands and marched over to the next wall, eyes still closed.

He repeated the exercise on that wall and then the next, until the room was almost three times the size it was previously. Severus could see Harry was beginning to feel the effects of the amount of magic he was having to control as sweat dripped off his forehead and his hands began to shake. Finally Harry moved back to the middle of the room and knelt down leaning forward and resting his head against the cool stone floor.

‘Thank you.’ he whispered, before opening his eyes. Taking several deep breaths he sat up and sighed, the magic around him seeming to be sucked back into his chest. Severus, knowing what was coming next, quickly bundled the group towards the other side of the room as Harry stood and walked towards the entrance, not seeming to see them at all.

He stopped just inside the doorway and closed his eyes, his fists clenched, elbows bent.

'I hate this part.' Draco groaned softly, wincing slightly as Harry's hands opened, palm up. Ginny, Hermione and Ron just looked at him curiously.

'Watch his hands.' Severus whispered as Draco got hit with a sense of de ja vu.

Harry just seemed to be standing there, doing nothing, but soon all could see the small particles erupting from Harry's hands straight up to the ceiling, flowing out, down the walls and across the floor back to Harry. Hermione gasped audibly as she saw Harry flinch rather violently when the magic rose to meet his hands once more. Ginny wanted nothing more than to take him in her arms but, as if reading her mind, her father wrapped both arms around her shoulders and held her close. Each of them felt the magic wash through them as the wave travelled along the floor and back to Harry. It was like being hit with a tingling curse, each felt a small stab in their chest as their bodies tried to hold onto the powerful magic swirling within.

It seemed to be more painful than normal, as Harry tried to get the innate magic of Hogwarts to bend to his will. The sweat was pouring off him by now, his face had paled alarmingly and they could see him visibly trembling. Not soon enough for any of them, the magic finally finished flowing and Harry closed his hands with a snap. He took several deep breaths before opening his eyes. Both Severus and Draco could see him struggling and dashed across the room before he could fall to the floor. Severus grabbed him tightly as Draco pushed his head down onto Severus neck and Ginny bundled both Ron and Hermione from the room, promising that they could see Harry tomorrow.

'Draco, lock the door.' Severus told his godson, breathing a sigh of relief as he felt Harry's fangs penetrate his neck. The blond nodded and quickly threw up a locking spell. Ginny found a bathroom and came running back in with a damp towel and she carefully wiped what she could of his face as she rubbed small circles on his back. Harry drank for about ten minutes, only pulling away as they heard

voices outside. At a nod from Severus, Draco unlocked the door and walked outside, making the students wait as Severus and Ginny helped Harry to stand on his own.

‘Are you alright?’ Severus asked his son. Harry nodded.

‘Merlin, that hurt.’ Harry croaked. ‘I’d hate to try that if Hogwarts didn’t like me.’ Severus just raised an eyebrow.

‘Can you walk?’ Ginny smiled at him. Harry smiled back and kissed her gently.

‘Sure.’ he whispered. Harry lifted a hand towards the portrait and it opened allowing them out. Draco joined them and they walked slowly towards the suite of rooms that were theirs for the duration of their stay. The sounds of surprise and delight from the Slytherins at the size of their new common room, followed them all the way up the hall.

Harry led them to the rooms and gave the password. Severus and Ginny barely got him to the bed before he slipped into oblivion. All three helped to undress and put him under the covers before walking back into the sitting room, leaving door still ajar.

‘Is it just me or was that a bitch of a day.’ Ginny said breathlessly, throwing herself into an armchair as Severus poured them all a drink.

‘No, it wasn’t just you.’ Draco sighed, rubbing his eyes.

‘But your language needn’t have sunk to the same level.’ Severus scolded.

‘Sorry Father.’ Ginny said, rolling her eyes at Draco who snorted.

‘However I feel certain that tomorrow is probably going to be just as bad.’ Severus whispered sadly, handing each a glass. The clock on the mantle ticked several more minutes passed before anyone spoke.

‘Can he do this? I mean, emotionally. Can he handle this?’ Ginny asked quietly. Severus sighed and ran a hand through his hair.

'I believe so. He is so much stronger than he was a year ago. Yes, I could have taken us all to Australia. That would have probably been far enough away for the moment. But, I think, at this point, that he needs to do this now. I don't think he can get passed anything else and move on until this prophecy is fulfilled.' Severus said sadly. 'One way or the other.' he added ominously causing Ginny to suck in a breath.

'But is he ready?' she whispered.

'We have to believe that he is. We have to believe in him.'

'I do.' Ginny said firmly.

'So do I.' Draco added, surprising even himself with the depth of his belief.

'Well then, we should all get some sleep. Harry is going to need us at our best.' Severus said, draining the last of his drink and standing up. 'Goodnight Draco. Goodnight Ginevra.'

'Night Sev.'

'Goodnight Father.' Ginny smiled. It took another ten minutes before the two other occupants also stood to go to bed.

'Night Draco.' Ginny whispered.

'Night Gin.' Draco said softly. Ginny smiled and headed towards her bedroom. 'Gin?' Ginny turned back to the blond. 'He'll be okay. He'll win, and then we can all go back to New York, to the Zoo.' Draco insisted firmly. Ginny smiled, tears pricking at the corners of her eyes.

'Thanks, Draco.' she whispered, walking in and closing the door behind her. Slowly she undressed and crawled into bed, clutching Harry tightly to her, as tears fell quietly down her cheeks.

There you go. I will try to be a bit quicker for the next chapter, assuming that dreaded bricklayer doesn't make another appearance.

Anyway, please review and let me know what you think.

Regards,

Mione5

Chapter 8 - Apologies and a warning.

The knock both Harry and Ginny had been dreading came early the next morning and Severus opened the door to find an extremely nervous Ron and Hermione waiting outside.

'Good morning Severus.' Hermione said hesitantly. 'May we come in?' Severus' eyes narrowed.

'Just a moment.' he said firmly, leaving them in the doorway and walking through to the sitting room where they could hear him talking to Harry and Ginny.

'Are you ready for this?' Severus asked quietly. 'I can send them away.'

'No Father. They will only keep returning.' They heard Harry say with a sigh.

'Wouldn't it be better to face them all together? This one at a time is going to tire you greatly. You have much to do today and you need to concentrate.'

'Father is right.' Ginny agreed. 'There are many that want to talk to us and I won't let it drag out over the next three days. We have too much to do.' They heard Harry sigh again.

'What ever you think is best then.' he said listlessly. 'I just want to get all of this over and done with so that we can leave. I don't really care what they have to say, but they probably won't rest until they have said it.' Just outside the door Hermione looked at Ron, wide eyed.

'They're leaving again?' she whispered.

'Shh.' Ron scolded.

'What about after dinner tonight? That should give you enough time to finish the warding and get some rest before the hordes descend, insisting on your forgiveness.' Draco suggested from his place by the window.

'Alright.' Harry said reluctantly. They heard footsteps coming towards them, and quickly moved further away from the door so they didn't look quite so conspicuous. Severus drew himself up and looked down at them, his dark eyes glittering.

'You heard all that.' he said knowingly, smirking as he saw both blush. 'After dinner tonight. Harry has a lot of work to do today, he will not have time to speak with you before then.'

'But.' Ron started.

'Mr Weasley.' Severus hissed sharply, cutting the man off mid sentence as he lowered his voice to barely a whisper. 'My children owe you and your kind nothing. You will tell your family they may speak with Harry and Ginevra this evening. It will be your one and only chance to redeem yourselves in their eyes.' Severus leant towards them, eyes glinting. 'Do not bollocks it up.' he whispered ominously, before slamming the door shut in their faces. Hermione looked over at Ron, who was staring at the door, gaping.

'We'd better send some owls.' she whispered softly. 'I don't think Severus will give anyone a second chance if we mess this up.' Ron swallowed several times and nodded, turning towards the owlrey.

'Don't you want breakfast?' Hermione asked in surprise.

'Ah, no. Not hungry.' Ron mumbled and continued walking away. Hermione looked from the closed door and back, to her husband several times, shrugging once and chasing after him.

The hall fell momentarily silent as the group of four walked in to breakfast that morning. Harry felt the wave of concern and comfort wash over him, from both Ginny and his father as his steps faltered slightly at the sight of so many people staring.

'Just ignore them, darling.' Ginny whispered, clasping his hand in hers and walking swiftly towards the head table. Severus kept a hand on Harry's shoulder as he and Draco followed closely behind. They nodded a polite good morning to Minerva before sitting down quietly down at one end of the table and helping themselves to some breakfast. Severus noted that there was no sign of Weasley or

Granger, and communicated as much to Draco. As they had agreed the blond nodded and excused himself.

Once out of the hall he headed straight to the teachers quarters, Ron and Hermione's in particular. Arriving at the painting that was the entrance, he knocked firmly.

'Draco?' Hermione gasped after opening the door. 'What's wrong? Harry's alright isn't he?' Draco snorted and rolled his eyes.

'May I come in, please?' he asked politely. Hermione nodded and moved aside, closing the door behind him.

'Malfoy,' Ron said in greeting.

'Severus asked me to come.' Draco said bluntly.

'And what does the greasy git want now?' Ron sniped, instantly sneering in disgust. Draco growled.

'I am here to warn you.' he hissed, dropping all pretence of courtesy and smiling inwardly at the looks of shock on the other's faces. 'Tonight will be hard for Harry. He will not forgive you, I can promise you that right now. He will listen to you and take everything you have said to heart, but that is all. Which brings me to the warning.' Hermione and Ron glanced at each other in trepidation.

'Do not say anything that will upset him. Do not blame any part of what happened on him and do not.' Draco's voice lowered ominously and his eyes darkened. 'call him Harry. He is no longer your best friend. You lost that right many years ago.' Draco spun on his heel and stalked to the door, stopping only when he was halfway through.

'I would recommend passing this warning on to the rest of your family and any others you have invited.' He said curtly before vanishing out the door.

Draco joined up with the group of three as they left the hall. He glanced at his godfather and nodded in confirmation at the questioning brow. The look of relief and gratitude on the other man's face made Draco happy. Severus had always been there for him,

ever since he was a boy. His godfather had always treated him kindly, and when his father had been sent to Azkaban, had taken Draco under his wing and become like another father to him.

Over the years he had been jealous of Harry, of how close the two were, of just how much his godfather would give up to make him happy, particularly after Harry was released. But then he looked deeper into Harry's life. Of what it had been, and what it had become, and the feelings of envy had faded. He wouldn't want to have to be Harry for anything. Sure the man was extremely powerful. But he couldn't control it all the time, and the guilt and worry that he might accidentally hurt someone, is something Harry lived with every day. And over these last months as Draco got to know him better, he could see just how much both his future, and his past, weighed on the young man.

And if Draco was honest with himself, Harry was also something his godfather had been missing. The untrusting man with more issues than anyone Draco had ever met, had literally fallen in love with the idea of having a blood son the minute he had Turned Harry. Over the years Draco had seen him return from Azkaban every couple of months, the bright eyes and small smile on his face showing just how much seeing Harry made him happy. For a man who never smiled, never showed any emotion other than anger or indifference, it was a major breakthrough. Draco sometimes shook his head in wonder that it had been Harry Potter, of all people, who had brought this change about.

'Draco?' he heard Harry interrupt his musings and looked over to see the green eyes looking at him in concern. 'Are you alright?' They had fallen slightly behind Severus and Ginny as they negotiated the twists and turns of the dungeons.

'Sorry.' Draco smiled gently. 'I'm fine. Just thinking.'

'This place does make you do that, doesn't it?' Draco could hear the pain radiating from the other man.

'Yeah.' Draco whispered. They continued on for several moments in silence before Harry stopped and turned towards him again.

'Thanks Draco.' he whispered, throwing his arms around the blond for an instant, in a very uncharacteristic display, before dashing off after his father.

'He knew.' Draco whispered to Severus as they watched Harry bend the castle to his will.

'Who?'

'Harry.' Draco hissed. 'He knew I went to see Weasley and Granger.'

'How do you know?' Severus asked. Draco related the conversation they had had in the hallway.

'He hugged you?' Severus whispered incredulously. 'He actually hugged you?' Draco nodded.

'It was only for an instant.' Draco admitted. Severus didn't seem to care how long it was.

'He hugged you.' he said, beaming. Draco snorted as quietly as possible as Severus looked at Harry like a proud parent.

By lunchtime Slytherin had three new dormitories attached. The extra earth had kindly moved itself to the Forbidden Forest, the walls and floors had stretched and multiplication charms had been placed on the furniture over and over.

Severus and Draco had taken care of the furniture moving beds and dressers, while Ginny charmed the bed hangings and carpets the requisite colours for each house. The extra bathrooms were harder and Harry was really struggling. When Severus came in from one of the bedrooms to check on him, he found him passed out cold on the floor.

'Bollocks.' he swore loudly as Both Ginny and Draco barrelled into the bathroom.

'What on earth?' Draco breathed.

'He's exhausted.' Severus said, lifting the young man easily into his arms.

'Can he drink?' Ginny asked hopefully. Severus shook his head.

'Not like this. We have to wake him up.' Silently they moved back out into the Slytherin common room and placed Harry down on the large leather sofa in the middle of the room.

'Harry. Harry, wake up?' Severus said urgently as he gently shook his shoulders. 'Come on, Son. We need you to wake up.' Harry groaned and his eyes fluttered several times, but almost immediately he faded again. Severus sighed and gently lifted Harry until he was resting against the arm of the sofa and then to the shock of the others he reached back and slapped him sharply across the face. Harry yelped and instantly jolted awake.

'Good boy.' Severus whispered, grabbing his head and pushing it hard down onto his neck. He spent the next few minutes pinching and poking Harry until he was sure the young man would stay awake long enough to drink. Eventually he sighed and leant back, closing his eyes as Harry suckled softly.

'What happened?' Ginny whispered.

'He just overdid it.' Severus whispered back, opening his eyes and gently running his hand through Harry's sweaty locks. 'I don't really understand how his magic works exactly. Or how he makes the magic work for him. But I know when he's burnt out.'

'Can't we just leave it like this and let him finish it tomorrow?' Draco suggested. Severus shook his head.

'He must set, and ward, the changes within four hours or they will go back to their original state. Hogwarts has been very good to let Harry make such large changes but without setting and warding them, the ancient magic is too strong and will revert it all back again rather quickly.'

'He's only has the Hufflepuff dormitories and the new bathrooms left to ward, doesn't he?' Draco asked.

'Yes. Let him drink for a bit more and he should be strong enough to do it. He will sleep like the dead tonight, though.' Draco snorted and Severus looked at him curiously.

'Well, technically, he is already dead.' The blond chuckled. 'You all are.' he continued sniggering, only just managing to duck when Ginny threw a cushion at him.

'Draco. I think that was just a little uncalled for.' Severus scolded him.

'Not to mention, morbid.' Harry added, lisping slightly as he pulled away and his fangs retracted.

'How do you feel?' Severus asked gently. Harry smiled grimly.

'Like I've rearranged most of my organs.' he said bluntly.

'Do you think you can finish?' Harry nodded.

'I'll just ward what's done now. We can finish the extra furniture and the other three bathrooms tomorrow. The students can stay where they are for tonight. The house elves can move them tomorrow.' Ginny and Draco exchanged glances and breathed a sigh of relief. They had thought that Harry might insist on finishing it. The feelings of relief didn't last long however.

'Although, there isn't much furniture left to do and it shouldn't take too much to do the other three bathrooms.' Harry added, standing up and swaying slightly.

'Harry. I don't think you should rush this.' Ginny said, taking his hand in hers. Harry sighed.

'I'm not Gin. I still have to make room for all the Ministry and their families that are out on the pitch to be brought inside and strengthen the wards around the grounds and we only have two more days before Tom arrives.'

'But Harry, you don't want to overdo it.' she insisted.

'Gin.' Harry said warningly.

'I just think...' she trailed off when she felt her father's hand on her arm. She glanced up to see him shaking his head imperceptibly. 'Fine.' she spat, stomping off back to the Ravenclaw dormitories to finish the floor coverings and bed hangings. Harry sighed again.

'Let's get this over and done with.'

Four hours later the house elves had moved all of the students belongings down to their new rooms and the group made their way wearily to the great hall for dinner. Both Severus and Ginny kept throwing worried glances at Harry, who staggered or stumbled almost every third step. He seemed to pull himself together well enough as they swept into the hall.

'It's done.' Harry said bluntly, before joining his family at the end of the table. They ate in silence as Minerva rose to tell the students that the work was finished and they would all be settling into the dungeons that evening. Harry ate well enough at the beginning of the meal until he saw several people slip into the hall towards the end. After that he stared determinedly at his plate as he carefully pushed his food around it.

All too soon the meal was over and the students followed Minerva and most of the other teachers towards their new quarters. Harry continued staring downwards, this time at the table top, as a small group hesitantly at the back of the hall.

Severus and Draco rose, gesturing for them to sit at the end of the Ravenclaw table and then the ex potions master glared at each one in turn. Laying his hands, palm down flat at the end of the table he leaned forward and surveyed the gather group in front of him. Ron and Hermione were there, of course, along with Molly, Fred, George, Bill and Charlie. Arthur was also there, a bright pink scar on his head, sitting by himself at the end of the table. Several others had also joined in. Seamus, Neville, Dean, Hagrid and Remus Lupin. Just as he was about to speak he saw Kingsley, Tonks, Arabella and Mundungus slip in the side door. Each gave him a small smile, and Severus felt a slight sense of relief that they were there. He knew they would do their utmost to keep things under control.

'Before I let my son and daughter come down and listen to your pitiful excuses, I have just one thing to say.' Severus hissed, glaring at them. 'I know Draco spoke to Weasley and Granger this morning and I hope they showed unusual common sense and passed that information on to all of you. Just in case they didn't I will repeat it for you now.' Everyone's eyes shifted up to the head table where Harry and Ginny were talking softly before returning to Severus whose voice had lowered ominously as his expression darkened.

'Firstly, do not insist that they forgive you, that is not your right. Do not blame any part of what happened on them as they were just innocent children you sent to hell. As I'm sure the few of you who saw the bathroom yesterday will know, my son is VERY temperamental, do not do, or say, anything that may upset him, or I will not be held responsible for his actions, and lastly, do not, I repeat, do not call them by their given names. That is a familial right that you all lost many years ago. They are not your family anymore, they are ours. You will call them Mr and Mrs Potter. Do not forget.' Severus was practically snarling by the time he had finished and Draco laid his hand on his godfather's arm and led him back to the head table.

'That was brilliant, Sev.' Draco whispered. 'I don't think I ever seen such a look of abject terror on so many faces at once before.' he snickered quietly.

'Harry, Ginny, are you ready?' Severus said softly, ignoring the sniggering blond behind him. The two stood up hand in hand. Severus could feel the internal struggle running through Harry in particular. He tilted Harry's head and looked into his eyes, seeing the storm of emotions washing through them.

'Are you alright?' he whispered. Harry swallowed and nodded as Ginny entwined an arm around his waist. Her eyes were the opposite, glinting brightly with barely controlled anger. Severus nodded and smiled.

'You can do this. I know you can.' he whispered, leaning down and kissing, first Harry, and then Ginny, softly on the cheek. Harry nodded stiffly and walked into the chamber off the great hall as Draco beckoned the group to follow.

'Good evening.' Ginny said formally, standing just inside the door as the group filed in. Harry, sitting in an armchair in front of the fireplace said nothing.

'Please sit down.' Severus insisted, gesturing to the rest of the sofas and armchairs splayed about the room. He had set them this way specifically, with Harry and Ginny's closest to the door angled in such a way that he could turn away from them all if necessary. Silently they filed in and took their seats. Severus took Ginny's chair as she perched on the arm of Harry's, a gentle arm around his shoulders.

'Harry.' Hermione began, instantly berating herself when she saw Harry flinch. 'Mr Potter, sorry.' she added weakly. 'Ron and I are as much to blame as anyone. We didn't send you to Azkaban, but we didn't try to get you out of there either.'

'We should have done more.' Ron cut in. 'We failed in our duty as your friend. We would like to believe that you would have done the same to us, but we know that is wrong. We know, deep down, that you would have done anything to help us and keep us safe.'

'We are so very sorry. We cannot express our gratitude that you have come back to help us. We didn't deserve you then and we don't deserve you now.' Hermione finished, tears running down her cheeks.

'I didn't come back to help you.' Harry growled, the air thickening until Severus placed his hand over Harry's clenched fist.

'Yes, right, well.' Ron stammered. 'Who's next?'

'I really think I should.' Arthur insisted. 'After all, I was one who helped in both instances. I cannot say anything to explain what happened other than I was a fool. Albus told me what had happened and I believed him. By the time he told me the truth it was too late. I was bound by the wizards oath. When Ginny came to me.' he stammered cringing slightly at the glare Severus threw at him. 'I couldn't say anything. I tried but my mouth wouldn't cooperate. When I found her in Albus' office I was afraid. At first I thought he might send her to Azkaban too, but then he said she had gone to New York and I was relieved. I'm terribly sorry to say, I thought that was a better place for her.'

'You thought it was better for me to be all alone in a strange country with no memory of who I was.' Ginny ground out through clenched teeth. This time it was Harry who comforted by lifting her hand to his lips and kissing it softly. Arthur swallowed several times.

'It was wrong what I did and by the time I realised it, it was too late. If I had broken the wizards oath then I would have died or gone to Azkaban too.' he stammered.

'Then you should have died.' Harry hissed angrily, pulling Ginny down onto his lap and hugging her tightly as the air began to crackle. 'She was just a little girl and you left her.' came the muffled growling voice. 'You left her alone. All alone and in the dark.' Draco and Severus, realising what was happening, leaned over to whispered quietly to Harry, desperately trying to pull him back to them, as Kingsley quietly crossed the room to stand before Arthur.

'I think it would probably be prudent if you were to wait outside.' he said softly. Arthur nodded sadly and left the room.

'Harry,' Draco whispered kneeling in front of the chair, as Severus rubbed small circles on Harry's back. 'Harry, look at me.' The blond commanded. Harry looked up with such a pained expression that Draco gasped. 'Come on Harry,' he whispered gently. 'It's almost over. Let them say their piece and then we can go.' Harry nodded. And turned back to the fireplace. Everyone in the room noticed the crackling had died but their hair was still standing on end as if they had been shocked.

'Go on.' Harry croaked. Mrs Weasley sniffed several times and opened her mouth but Bill silenced her with a look and a hand.

'Mr Potter.' he said softly. 'Mrs Potter. My family and I only have regrets for what happened. We did not know what our father had done. We listened to our sister for almost a year about how it couldn't possibly be true, but we didn't want to know. Our father had told us it was, and we believed him. When she left to work in the United States, I'm sorry to say that we were slightly relieved.' Harry growled softly and pulled Ginny tighter.

'When the owls came back with our letters, we thought she didn't want to speak with us and we left it at that. We were a terrible family to her, to both of you. We don't ask for your forgiveness as I know we don't deserve it.' Mrs Weasley began sobbing softly into her handkerchief and Charlie put his arm around her as Bill continued. 'We just want to thank you for coming back, even if it is just for a short time. We are glad that your new family loves you so much because you both deserve nothing less.' Bill himself was quite teary by the time he had finished.

'I'm sorry too,' Seamus said, his Irish brogue stronger than ever.

'We should never have believed Fudge and Dumbledore.' Dean said vehemently.

'It's not that we should never have believed them.' Neville added quietly. 'It's just that we should have believed you more.' Harry seemed to almost shrink in his seat as he closed his eyes, and a concerned expression flitted across Severus' face. Ginny rose slightly and perched on the arm of the chair once more.

'I would like to go next please.' Lupin said quietly, crossing the room and kneeling in front of Harry. He reached out and placed his hand on Harry's knee. It was a big mistake. The minute Harry felt the hand, he flinched away so violently the chair he was sitting in toppled over backwards, thankfully Draco grabbed Ginny before she could hit the floor. Harry had scuttled backwards and was crouched in the corner in the corner, trembling forcefully as his eyes continued to dart wildly around the room.

'Open the door.' Severus commanded as Draco quickly doubled the size of the fire and conjured several enormous torches to light the room, making it so bright you could almost see the cracks in the stone ceiling. Harry continued breathing heavily, sweat dripping off his chin as Severus knelt in front of him. The others looked on in fear as the enormity of what Harry had been through finally hit them. Severus clasped Harry's hands in his and he didn't flinch away.

'Harry. It's okay. Nothings going to hurt you. You're not there anymore. You're here with us.' he whispered. They could see Harry's eyes alternately opening and closing as he tried not to let the

memories swallow him. You could see a soft silver fog swirling through the air. 'You're not there. You're here with me and Ginny and Draco. We're all together. The Dementors are all gone. You're safe here.'

'Oh my god.' Molly Weasley cried. 'What on earth have we done?' Two vases sitting either end of the mantle piece shattered as a roaring sound filled the air.

'Get out.' Draco growled as Ginny crouched down beside her father.

'I knew this was a bad idea.' she said firmly. Kingsley, Tonks and the others began herding everyone else from the room and Draco warded the door behind them. At Severus' nod Ginny pulled Harry into her arms and pushed his head down onto her neck. It took longer this time, several couches still succumbing to Harry's emotions and bursting into millions of pieces before everything died and there was silence.

'Thank Merlin.' Severus breathed as he sat back on the floor and leant against the wall. The welcome silence reigned for several minutes before Ginny spoke.

'Father, I think he's asleep.' she whispered. Severus leaned over to check.

'Unconscious.' he confirmed. 'Did he drink anything?'

'A little.'

'Come on. Let's get him to bed. He can drink tomorrow.' Severus went to pick him up.

'Let me.' Draco said softly. 'You're exhausted.' Severus nodded, knowing that Harry wouldn't mind, and he watched fondly as his godson picked up the dark haired figure in front of him. Ginny stood and held out her hand, which Severus gratefully took.

'Merlin, I feel old.' he groaned. Ginny stifled a giggle and smiled as he put an arm around her shoulders. When the group walked out into the great hall they saw that everyone had waited for them. Minerva and

several other teachers having joined them at some point. Draco saw her open her mouth to ask, and he shook his head. The death glare on Severus' face instantly silencing everyone else. The silence continued as the four left the hall.

'What the hell happened?' Minerva asked curtly as the door closed behind them.

'Remus touched him.' Hermione said quietly. Minerva rolled her eyes and groaned.

'I told you he didn't like to be touched yesterday. Did you think much had changed in twenty four hours.' she hissed.

'I thought it might help.' the werewolf said sadly.

'Why? Because once upon a time, many, many years ago you were friends with his parents.' she said sarcastically.

'Because I was friends with him.' the voice was so soft, many had to strain to hear it.

'Yes, you were. We all were.' she retorted. 'and then we failed him. We left him in that hell hole to die. Now, they came here of their own free will to finish something that we could not, and I think that after all that has happened, we owe it to them to respect their privacy. From now on no one speaks to Mr or Mrs Potter unless they are asked to. Anything of importance can be said to Severus, he will pass it on if he deems it necessary for them to know. We will only get one chance to do this as, whether or not Voldemort is destroyed on Friday, Mr Potter and his family will be returning to New York, and we will be left to survive as best as we can.' Several in the room gasped at this revelation.

'Mr Potter is the only chance we have and I refuse to let us waste it.' she added.

'What was that silver mist and that howling?' Ron asked. Minerva glanced at Kingsley who nodded.

'That was magic. Pure power. Mr Potter is an Enforcer.'

‘Oh my god.’ Hermione breathed. ‘That explains the bathroom.’

‘Yes. You understand now why it is so important that we do not upset him. Otherwise there might not be a castle for us to defend.’ Her piece said she swept from the hall. Kingsley and the other Aurors following her quickly.

‘Well, that went well.’ Draco said sarcastically as he handed a glass of scotch to his godfather and flung himself into the nearest chair and sipped his own. Severus sighed and rubbed at the bridge of his nose.

‘You did well tonight. Thank you.’ he said softly. Draco smirked.

‘He actually listened to me.’ he said. ‘Potter, of all people.’

‘He’s not Potter anymore, Draco. He hasn’t been for a very long time.’

‘I know. But deep inside it must still linger there, somewhere. Otherwise he would never have returned. I mean, this must be so hard for him.’

‘It’s tearing him apart inside. I can feel it.’

‘And yet he is here.’ Draco said softly. ‘Bloody Gryffindors.’ he added. Severus laughed bitterly.

‘I don’t think it has anything to do with being a Gryffindor, Draco. I don’t know any Gryffindor over the last thirty years, if ever, who would do what Harry has done. He is unique.’

‘Did it make you feel good knowing him, having him trust you? Before you Turned him, I mean.’ Severus nodded.

‘He does have that effect. It’s just something about him. It’s quite funny actually.’

‘What is?’ Draco asked quizzically.

‘He inspires such loyalty. When we were travelling I noticed that when anyone got to know him, they would do almost anything for him. They loved to spend time in his presence, whether talking or reading. The

night he lost it in France, the one when he levelled the chateau, we were standing outside watching it crumble, and he realised he had left the pet snake I had brought him on his bed. I was holding him back saying he couldn't go in. Gaston, the man who owned the house, took one look at the anguish on his face and dashed into the house before I could stop him.'

'You're kidding?' Draco said incredulously. Severus shook his head, chuckling.

'No. And he had only met him the day before. We met many others along the way and they were all the same. If he asked them they give their life for him without a second thought.'

'Not that he ever would.' Draco snorted softly.

'No.' Severus added wearily. 'but he would insist on saving everyone else no matter what the outcome to himself.'

'Maybe that is what draws people to him. That selflessness. You have to admit it is such a rarity these days.'

'It's a rarity in any day.' Severus sighed. Draco glanced at his godfather appraisingly.

'What drew you to him? What made you help Harry Potter of all people?' he asked slyly. Severus' mouth quirked at the corners.

'I'll tell you why if you tell me why.' he smirked. Draco smiled and shook his head.

'I think maybe that is something we should keep to ourselves for once.'

'You are probably right.' Severus smirked again. 'You are still happy that he let you carry him though, aren't you?' he added. Draco smiled and shrugged.

'Yes.' he admitted.

'Why does it please you so much?' Draco shrugged again.

'I'm not really sure. It made me think I'm a bit closer into his family, I guess.'

'It's your family too, Draco. Harry, Ginny and I. We are all your family.' Draco looked down swirling the scotch around his glass several times without speaking. 'Do you feel as if you aren't a part of it?' Severus asked softly, moving to sit next to him. Draco sighed.

'Not exactly.' he mumbled.

'This is about me refusing to Turn you, isn't it?' Draco didn't look up but nodded anyway.

'I still don't understand why.' he whispered.

'Draco, listen to me. It's not a life. It's a half life, a cursed life.'

'You turned Ginny.' Draco retorted sharply.

'I had to. She would have died.'

'That day, yes. But you would have turned her eventually. So that she could be with Harry.'

'Maybe.' Severus said non-committally. 'Why? Why do you want it so much?'

'I want to belong.' Draco whispered. 'I don't belong anywhere. I don't belong to anyone. I'm not even a true Malfoy anymore.' Draco stood abruptly and fled to his room leaving Severus looking at his retreating figure sadly.

'You should, you know.' came a soft voice from the doorway and Severus' head whipped around.

'Harry.' he breathed. 'How are you feeling?'

'Don't change the subject Father.' Harry scolded, crossing the room and sitting down, curling his legs under him and resting his head on Severus' shoulder. Severus sighed and wrapped his arms around Harry tightly.

'I just don't know what to do.' he admitted. 'He seems to want it so much but it is not a life I would choose for him if I could.'

'But you're not choosing it, are you? He is.' Harry said quietly. 'And I can understand why.'

'You understand?' Harry nodded into his father's chest.

'Yes. You don't know what that feeling is like. You were born this way so you never felt it.'

'What feeling?'

'The feeling that washes through you once you are Turned. Total acceptance, love, concern, hope, joy and caring. It fills you up, and it's always there. It is the one thing you can turn to no matter how alone you are. Draco needs that. He is very alone. Yes.' Harry said before Severus could interrupt. 'he has us. But he doesn't really. He sits just outside the family. Part of it. Yet not.' Severus released Harry and looked down into those vivid green eyes.

'That's why you hugged him, wasn't it? You knew what he was feeling.' Harry nodded shyly.

'Yes.' he whispered.

'You are one amazing man.' Severus breathed hugging him tightly once more.

'So will you ask him?'

'Yes. I will ask him.' Severus agreed.

'Thank you Father.' Harry grinned, pulling away and kissing Severus softly before darting back to his room. Severus sighed and rubbed his eyes. God it had been a long day, he thought.

He crossed the room, treading softly down the hall and stopping in front of his godson's room. He took a deep breath and knocked, opening the door at the soft command. He closed it softly behind him,

seeing Draco standing at the window, gazing out over the dark grounds, the only sign of light coming from Hagrid's hut.

'Draco.' he said softly. 'Are you sure this is what you really want?' He saw the blond head nod and crossed to stand behind him. He grasped the shoulders and turned him until he could see into the stormy grey eyes. 'You have to say it. I need to be sure.'

'I'm sure.' Draco whispered firmly. 'I want you to Turn me. Please.' Severus sighed and closed his eyes. He took several deep breaths before tilting the young man's head to the side and sinking his fangs into the soft flesh of Draco's neck. Severus couldn't stop the shudder that ran through him as he realised he was doing exactly what he had promised himself he would never do. He was Turning someone who didn't need it to live.

Soon Draco whimpered and fell limp into his arms. Quickly gashing his wrist with his fang, he pressed it hard to the young man's mouth, watching carefully as he began to suckle softly. He felt the strong paternal feeling wash over him as the Turning began, and gently lifted Draco backwards and onto his bed, as pale hands came up to grab his wrist. He sat on the edge and pushed the pale blond hair back off Draco's face. Severus sighed as he looked down at his newest son. Soon Draco had had enough and his eyes fluttered open to look deep into his godfather's. Severus felt the huge wave of gratitude long before the words ever came.

'Thank you.' Draco whispered eventually.

'You're welcome Son.' Severus said softly, leaning down to kiss his forehead. 'Go to sleep. You can feed again in the morning.' Draco nodded and smiled, turning over onto his side and closing his eyes. Severus patted his shoulder and quietly left the room.

He checked on Harry and Ginny, he was happy to see them curled up beside each other, sleeping soundly. By the soft smiles on the faces he guessed they had felt the joining of another sibling and the accompanying feelings. Severus still wasn't sure he had done the right thing, but less than three days later he would be very glad that he did.

There you go. I will be writing the second chapter for the Scrolls of Malarde so it may take a week before the next chapter for this, but I promise to get it to you all as soon as possible.

Regards,

Mione

Chapter 9 - Sometimes even people you think you know can surprise you.

Draco woke late the next morning to hear laughter coming loudly from the main sitting room. Slightly sore, particularly his neck, he gingerly climbed out of bed and walked into his bathroom. Removing clothes and turning on the shower, he caught sight of himself in the mirror. He could see the very faint red marks where Severus' fangs had pierced his neck. His face was even more pale, if that was possible, and he could see the small bumps on the edges of his mouth. Tentatively he ran his tongue over them and shuddered as a tingle ran through his body. Smirking at the mirror, which gasped in reply, he stepped into the shower.

Twenty minutes later, dressed in jeans and a t-shirt, Draco walked into the sitting room to find himself suddenly knocked to the floor in a tangle of limbs as both Harry and Ginny threw themselves at him.

'Draco.' they both cried happily. Severus laughed as his three 'children' rolled about the floor.

'Just how old are you lot?' he chuckled as they stopped and glared at him.

'Technically, I'm seventeen.' Harry said primly.

'I'm not quite a month.' Ginny added.

'Not even a day.' Draco added flippantly, and all three burst out laughing again. When they settled down again Severus helped pull them to their feet and they slowly left the room and made their way to the great hall for breakfast, trading sarcastic insults the whole way.

Harry and the others almost snorted at the look on the faces of those at the head table. None but Minerva would meet their eye.

'Good morning.' the deputy head said politely. Harry smiled and nodded in reply. 'Are you hungry?' she gestured to the full plates at their end of the table. Draco glanced at Harry and both men burst out laughing once more. Severus rolled his eyes and smacked them both across the back of the head with a copy of the Daily Prophet, that

happened to be lying nearby. Ginny, smothering her giggles behind her hand, sat down quickly.

She reached for the eggs and took a mouthful, instantly grimacing and spitting something into her napkin.

'Missing something, Ginny dear?' Severus smirked, holding up several purple filled vials.

'Father.' Ginny groaned, holding out her hand. Draco went to reach for a vial but Harry snatched them out of his father's hand before the blond could.

'Harry' Draco yelled, drawing attention from those nearby. Harry snorted.

'Trust me. You won't appreciate it otherwise.' Draco glared at Harry but obligingly bit into the piece of toast on his plate.

And instantly paled.

Having been brought up the way he had, he couldn't bring himself to spit it out, instead having to chew it and choke it down as quickly as possible. Harry and Ginny both snickered as Draco glared once more, and held out his hand for the vial. Harry passed one over and handed another to Ginny and his father, keeping one for himself. At the same time they downed the potion and Harry banished the vials back to their rooms with a firm push.

'Do they think we are going to poison them or something?' they heard Ron whisper harshly and all broke out in sniggers.

'Ron.' Hermione's exasperated voice wafted over. 'It's probably for the food.'

'The food?'

'So they can taste it.' she ground out painfully. Harry and Draco snorted.

'Oh.' Ron mused. 'But why would Draco take it?'

'Well, looking at his skin, his mouth, and his neck.' she said softly, pretending not to look. 'I'd say someone Turned him. And my guess would be Severus.'

'Ten points to Gryffindor.' Severus muttered, causing Harry and Draco to burst out laughing again.

'Why would he have done that?' Ron asked, flinching slightly at the burst of laughter.

'Maybe Draco wanted to be Turned.' Hermione shrugged, buttering another piece of toast.

'Why on earth would anyone want that?' Draco, Ginny and Severus all felt Harry stiffen as the air around them thickened slightly.

'Harry.' Severus whispered, laying a hand on his shoulder.

'I don't know, Ronald.' Hermione smiled. 'But I'm sure he had a good reason.' Ron shook his head and returned to shovelling food into his mouth.

'Some people really shouldn't talk so loudly.' Harry said bluntly, standing up and grabbing a second piece of toast off his plate. 'Just because you don't understand it, doesn't mean that it is wrong.' He said all this without taking his eyes off his father and then abruptly left the hall, Ginny dashing after him.

The glare Severus threw at Ron on his way towards the door would have withered the sturdiest of trolls, and it seemed that Draco had been learning from his new father as his wasn't far behind.

'Mr Weasley.' Minerva threw up her hands and hurried out of the hall.

'What did I do?' Ron said innocently, through a mouthful of scrambled eggs. Hermione rolled her eyes at him, but deep down she felt a small part of herself agreeing with him.

When Severus and Draco caught up with Harry and Ginny, just outside the doors to the entrance hall, they found them entwined and

kissing passionately. Harry had his hands caressing Ginny's long red hair as she hugged him to her tightly.

'Alright you two. Knock it off.' Severus snorted. 'Like randy teenagers, the pair of you.' Draco snickered, as both Harry and Ginny broke the kiss and glared at him.

'I see you've found another way to calm him down.' Draco drawled. Harry blushed bright red and buried his face in Ginny's hair.

'Shut up Draco.' Ginny said rudely.

'Come on.' Severus laughed. 'We have work to do.' Linking arms they walked across the grounds towards the new buildings that had been erected four years ago to house the Ministry and their families. Twelve feet before the door they were challenged by two Aurors.

'Halt. This area is off limits. Ministry personnel only.' One of the said firmly as both men pointed their wands.

'Jumpy, aren't they?' Ginny mused.

'Ginevra, you have spent far too much time in New York.' Severus scolded. Suddenly four more Aurors rushed out and also drew their wands.

'Oh crap.' Draco hissed.

'And you.' Severus arched an eyebrow at the blond. 'have spent far too much time with her.' he pointed to Ginny.

'Oh, for goodness sake.' Harry sighed, closing his eyes. He concentrated for several moments, calling to the magical cores inside the six wands in front of him, as one, they flew from their owner's hands and into Harry's outstretched one.

'B...b...but.' One of the Aurors stuttered. Harry rolled his eyes.

'Don't bother asking. Just get that idiot you call a Minister and hurry up. Oh, and tell him to bring Amos Diggory too.' he growled.

'Just a minute. Just who do you think you are.' Another Auror blustered.

'He's Harry Potter.' Minerva said, panting slightly. 'Go and get Minister Fudge immediately or face the consequences.' One of the Aurors nodded quickly and shot off like a cat with it's tail on fire, as the other five looked at Harry with a mixture of curiosity and fear. Not long after, Fudge waddled out with Amos Diggory at his heels.

'Mr Diggory.' Harry gave the man a small smile, ignoring Fudge altogether.

'Mr Potter, It is good to see you looking so well.' The other man said genuinely, leaning towards Harry to shake his hand but dropped it quickly when he noticed the slight flinch.

'Thank you.' Harry said, reaching towards the other man and clasping the large hand within his firmly in apology. Ginny looked at Draco with eyebrow raised, but Draco just shrugged, as confused as she was.

'How is Mrs Diggory?' Harry asked softly. Amos' smile faltered slightly.

'She is not doing so well these days. She did ask me to pass on her greeting.'

'I would like to see her, if that is possible. Would she be up to it?' Amos smiled.

'I think she would like it. Maybe after lunch?' Harry nodded happily. Fudge continued looking between Harry and his Deputy Minister in confusion.

'What on earth is going on?' he blustered. Harry turned to the Minister, his expression instantly icy.

'Minister.' he said. The word delivered with a heavy dose of sarcasm. 'I just wanted you to know that anything you have to say to me will be said through Amos. I want nothing to do with you and even standing here this close to you is making my skin crawl.'

'Where is Dumbledore?'

‘The Headmaster is unwell.’ Minerva cut in. ‘He has been moved to St Mungo’s under the care of Healer Whipstaff.’

‘The Neuro-Wizard?’ Amos asked. Minerva nodded but didn’t elaborate.

‘I need to strengthen the wards around the grounds.’ Harry said softly. ‘Will you let me know if Adeline is up to visitors after lunch?’

‘I will send an owl.’ Amos promised.

‘We also need to move everyone out of the building later this afternoon and into the castle.’ Severus said, stepping around Harry and into Diggory’s line of sight.

‘Severus.’ Amos said brightly. ‘Didn’t even see you there.’ Draco snorted.

‘Most don’t with Harry standing in the way.’ he snickered. Harry glared at the blond.

‘That better not be a crack about my weight.’ he said in mock anger. This time it was Ginny who snorted.

‘I think it had more to do with your power, Harry.’ she giggled. Neither Draco or Ginny had any idea of what the story was between the Diggory’s, and Harry and Severus but they played along just the same, each biding their time until they could force the story out of one of them. Harry rolled his eyes as both Amos and Severus grinned at him.

‘But I didn’t think there was enough room in the castle?’ Amos asked.

‘We’ve moved all of the students to the dungeons.’ Harry told him.

‘All of them?’ Harry nodded.

‘I’ll explain over lunch.’ he assured the older man, glancing at Fudge and the Aurors who were shifting nervously around them. Amos nodded, and the two men shook hands again before they turned to walk away. Severus shook the man’s hand also, throwing a glare at

Fudge before handing the Auror's wands back that he had taken from Harry. The group of four walked slowly towards the Quidditch pitch.

'Where do you think is the best place to start?' Severus asked. Harry closed his eyes and felt out the magic surrounding the school.

'The gates.' Harry said firmly. 'I will start there and move right the way around the edge until I reach the gates again.' Severus nodded. 'I shouldn't need you and Draco hasn't fed yet.' Harry gestured to the man beside him. Severus nodded.

'Just take it slowly.' The older wizard begged softly. Harry nodded and smiled, reaching up to place a kiss on his father's cheek.

'Promise.' he whispered.

'I'll keep an eye on him, Father.' Ginny added, placing an arm around Harry's waist. Severus nodded and together with Draco, began heading back up to their rooms. Harry smiled and kissed Ginny softly.

'Stay here.' he said softly. Ginny nodded and smiled back. Harry walked across the grass until he reached the gates and stopped. He held his hands up and closed his eyes, stepping forward bit by bit until he felt the magic of the wards connect with his hands. A normal wizard would feel just a slight tingle as they passed through, but to Harry, the wards were raw power, a complicated web of spells and enchantments that were woven together.

Unfortunately not tightly enough.

Piece by piece he began pulling each thread tighter, all the while pulling magic from the air to add strength. As he touched them, each piece glowed a different colour depending on their use, until it was like a rainbow in his hands.

Ginny watching from a distance, practically stopped breathing as the area around Harry began looking like a large patchwork quilt.

As he finished each section Harry moved onto the next. It was painstakingly meticulous work, but not difficult. Not like the building of the extra dormitories had been. The coloured strands in their tightly

woven pattern stretched over a hundred feet above Harry's head and over twenty feet either side. If she was closer she would have seen his lips moving in a soft incantation.

By the time Severus and Draco rejoined her, Harry had worked his way through the forest and was partway round the lake, about a third of the way around the grounds. Also by this time though, the word had spread, and students, teachers and Ministry workers had swarmed out of their respective buildings to see the bright lights. Severus scowled at the sight of Fudge joining the throng.

Harry knew nothing of this. He continued his path around the grounds, fingers and hands moving as though he were conducting a symphony, as he pushed and pulled the wards so they fitted snugly together. Every so often he would reach behind him and snatch something out of thin air, bringing it towards his other hand. What ever it was, was invisible until he added it to the rest. Then it glowed a brilliant white for a moment before changing into the same colour as what ever other strand he had added it to.

'Power.' Severus said in response to Draco's questioning glance.

'He's not flinching.' the blond observed. 'Why doesn't this hurt him?'

'The wards are already there.' Ginny said knowingly. 'He's just re arranging them. Adding to them.'

'Very good.' Severus said, placing an arm around each of their shoulders. Together they moved closer to Harry. Far enough away not to disturb him but close enough to stop anyone else getting any closer to him. They could all see the gob smacked expressions on the faces of most. There had only been half a dozen Enforcers since Merlin himself and no one alive today had ever seen one in the flesh before.

While what Harry was doing was quite easy for him, it was far beyond the realm of anything anyone else had ever seen. The sight of the visible power that he was playing with, keeping the almost five hundred strong crowd silent. You could have heard a pin drop, as even the creatures in the Forbidden Forest were silent.

Little by little Harry moved along, but it was almost three hours before he made it back around to the gates. In that time, no one moved, no one spoke, no one even looked away. The patchwork quilt of rainbow colours that was protecting them all, entrancing everybody. At the gates he closed them with a tug and laid several layers of protections over them before opening them once more. He opened his eyes and keeping his arms upraised took several large steps backwards. Looking closely you could see his fists clenched tightly, silver strands dripping from them. He closed his eyes once more as the magic flowed through him. His arms raised higher until they were touching and he threw back his head.

‘ADSTRINGO.’ he roared, opening his fists and flinging the strands of silver upwards. The whole of the wards surrounding the school glowed brightly as the strands disappeared into the sky, then the glow faded, and all were left with a slight sense of loss. Harry opened his eyes and turned to face his family, smiling softly at their proud expressions.

‘Well done.’ Severus whispered, hugging him tightly. Harry took no notice of the hundreds of staring people as they made their way back up to the school for lunch.

‘Bloody hell.’ Ron swore as the group of four disappeared through the huge oak doors.

‘So what’s the story between you and the Diggory’s?’ Draco asked the minute they sat down. Harry glanced at Severus, brow raised in question.

‘They were too busy watching you to ask.’ Severus explained. Harry shrugged and took a sip of pumpkin juice before answering.

‘Amos was at my questioning. Before, you know what.’ Harry trembled slightly. ‘After they had ruled out the Veritaserum and told me I wouldn’t be testifying, he came to see me. He told me that he didn’t believe what they said. That even after all that had happened with Cedric, that there was no way I could have done it. It was Amos who told Severus what was happening. I’d told them I was with him that day, and Amos knew he would want to know.’ Harry took another sip of juice and continued.

'We met up with the Diggory's in Majorca for a month about six months after we left Hogwarts. Amos had been Severus' contact in the Ministry. It was Amos who made sure that those Death Eaters had been questioned properly and that the news of my innocence released to the news papers.'

'You spent a month with Amos Diggory and his wife?' Draco said, wide eyed. Harry smiled.

'Yeah. They were really nice.' Ginny snorted and hid behind her sandwich.

'Is that who you want to take over after all this is finished?' Harry shook his head.

'I don't really care. It would be good for the wizarding world, but the fact that I will no longer be in it, means I don't have to worry about who's running it. I can't wait to get back to New York.' he added wistfully, biting his sandwich as his eyes glazed slightly in memory.

The rest of the school had begun to file in by then, most still staring incredulously at Harry, but he ignored it all and continued eating. It probably helped that they had taken to sitting around the end of the head table, Harry in particular, sitting with his back to the great hall so the he didn't have to look at anyone but his father and Draco, who were opposite him.

Partway through lunch an owl flew in and landed next to Harry, holding out it's leg imperiously. Harry snorted and removed the parchment, offering the bird a piece of crust. The owl looked haughtily at him and shook her head, flying off.

'Those Ministry birds are almost as snotty as Fudge.' Draco muttered causing the others to snigger quietly. Harry smiled and opened the letter.

Dearest Harry,

I would love to see you and your father again. Life has been very boring without you both. Please come to the Ministry building as soon as you have finished. Amos will be waiting to show you to our rooms.

With love.

Adeline.

‘Dearest? With love? Should I be worried about this woman?’ Ginny said cheekily. Harry looked at scandalously.

‘Ginny, she’s like, ancient.’ Harry breathed. Ginny laughed.

‘Calm down I was only joking.’

‘Come on. We’d better go.’ Severus interceded. Smiling still, the group rose and walked swiftly towards the door.

‘He seems much happier today.’ Remus said softly to Minerva. Minerva’s response, however, was drowned out as the minute the doors closed behind the four guests, the hall exploded into noise.

‘Harry.’

‘Addie.’ Came the instant cries as Harry and the others followed Amos into his rooms. Harry rushed over to the sofa, throwing himself down and into the waiting arms of his sort of surrogate aunt.

‘God, I’ve missed you.’ Adeline breathed, hugging him tightly. ‘Owls are just not the same.’

‘I’ve missed you too, Addie.’ Harry whispered, her arms giving him a unique sense of comfort unlike any other. It was like a mother’s love. Something Harry couldn’t remember ever experiencing. Severus looked at them fondly but Ginny and Draco just looked confused. They sat down on another sofa as Severus moved forward.

‘Severus,’ she smiled genuinely as Harry released her.

‘Don’t get up.’ he insisted, leaning over and hugging her gently. Adeline laughed.

‘Couldn’t if I wanted to.’ she said. The others watched as the expression of joy on Harry’s face changed to one of concern. A frown marred his features as he knelt back down next to her.

'What's wrong?' he asked softly. Adeline looked at him, her eyes instantly softening.

'A virus, sweetie. They don't know exactly. Leaves me tired all the time.'

'Oh.'

'Tea, anyone?' Amos said cheerfully, floating a tray behind him and setting it down on the small table by the fireplace.

'Now, young Mr Malfoy, I know.' Adeline said, gesturing to the blond. 'but who is the young lady, Harry?' Harry blushed and took Ginny's hand, tugging her off the sofa and forward.

'This is Ginny.' he said softly. 'My wife.' Adeline's eyes practically popped out of her head.

'Ginny Weasley. You're Arthur's youngest.' she exclaimed. Severus hand clamped down on Ginny's shoulder before she could say anything.

'She's not actually. She's one of mine.' he said firmly. The woman's eyes lit up and she beckoned Ginny closer, patting the side of the sofa. Ginny obligingly sat as Adeline took both of her hands in hers. She looked at her for several moments.

'You do love him, very much.' she whispered perceptively. 'Take good care of him.'

'I will.' Ginny promised, her eyes glancing lovingly at Harry before back at the crystalline blue ones in front of her.

'She's very beautiful.' Adeline said bluntly to Harry, who burst out laughing at Ginny's extremely deep blush.

'That she is.' he chuckled.

'Sit down everyone.' Amos insisted. Harry sat down next to Adeline and pulled Ginny down next to him as Amos served tea and passed it around.

‘Can I ask a question?’ Draco said, accepting the proffered cup of tea.

‘You just did.’ Harry snorted. Draco rolled his eyes.

‘Go ahead, Mr Malfoy.’ Adeline smiled, ignoring Harry.

‘Draco, please.’

‘Draco then.’

‘It’s quite personal.’ Draco shifted slightly.

‘You want to know how we got so close, so quickly?’ she said knowingly. Draco nodded.

‘Harry does not trust easily.’ he said by way of explanation.

‘She visited me.’ Harry interrupted, his voice distant.

‘Visited you?’ Draco asked, not noticing the violent shake of Severus’ head.

‘In..in there.’ Harry whispered. Draco blanched, looking apologetically at his godfather as both Adeline and Ginny wrapped their arms around Harry.

‘It’s alright, sweetie.’ Adeline said soothingly. ‘You’re here with us now. You’re never going back there.’ Harry nodded in understanding, but kept his eyes on the slightly shaking teacup in his hand all the same.

‘Sorry.’ Draco said sheepishly.

‘It’s alright.’ Harry croaked.

‘I visited Harry twice a year in there. His cell was next to your father’s, Draco.’

‘He’s not my father.’ Draco growled. Adeline caught Severus’ eye and grinned.

'Well, anyway, I pretended I was visiting Lucius. He is a distant cousin of mine.' Draco's head shot up. 'and I visited Harry instead. I knew he never did those terrible things they said he did. He was just a baby. And he was a noble and loyal enough young man to bring my son's body back to me when it could have cost him his own life.'

'He wouldn't have been there in the first place if it wasn't for me.' Harry grumbled. Severus looked like he wanted to smack him, but Adeline beat him to it. Thumping him with the pillow she had been resting on.

'Hey.' Harry said indignantly. His expression changing as he saw the grimace on the elderly witch's face at the pain the movement caused.

'Addie?' he whispered, sliding off the sofa to kneel beside her again. 'Addie, what is it?' Adeline smiled and took his hand in hers.

'I'm alright.' she rasped. Harry looked at her, his eyes bright.

'May I?' he whispered. She stared into his eyes and nodded. Harry closed his, and moved his hand until it hovered over her heart. He was mumbling to himself for several moments before yelping softly and jerking his hand back.

'Your core, it's leaking, unravelling.' he said wide eyed.

'What's he talking about?' Amos asked quizzically.

'Inside everyone is their magical core.' Severus explained, in what Harry and the others had dubbed his Professorial voice. 'The core is held together by it's own magical bounds. Accidental or emotional magic sometimes splits these bounds but they soon repair. I'm sure I explained all this to you when I told you about Harry.'

'Yes, yes.' Amos waved him off. 'What does that have to do with Addie?'

'Her core.' Harry broke in, his eyes not leaving her's. 'It's not repairing itself. The magic is draining away before it can replenish itself.'

'Merlin.' Ginny breathed.

‘But the medi-wizards said it was just a virus.’ Amos insisted.

‘They were just guessing. They wouldn’t be able to tell what it was unless they could be at one with the magic.’ Harry said softly. ‘It hides. It won’t tell them what’s wrong.’

‘Can it be fixed?’ The desperation in Amos’ voice was not lost on anyone. He knew his wife was dying. Harry glanced up at his father, who nodded.

‘I can fix it.’ he told them. ‘but...’ he trailed off.

‘What is it?’ Harry turned back to Adeline.

‘I would have to pretty much seal the core. You would be little more than a squib.’

‘My god.’ Amos sat down heavily, wringing his hands.

‘But I would live?’ Adeline asked, looking at Harry questioningly and ignoring her husband.

‘You would live.’ Harry confirmed softly, with a nod.

‘Do it.’ she said determinedly.

‘But.’ Amos leapt to his feet.

‘Amos.’ Adeline cut him off. ‘This is my only chance. Take your pick. You can live with me as a squib or you can live without me. It’s your decision.’ she said bluntly.

‘Of course I want you to live. But don’t you think we should get a second opinion. Not that I don’t believe you Harry.’ he added quickly. Harry nodded to show he didn’t take the insult.

‘I trust Harry, and besides, it would be about a thirtieth opinion. We have seen every specialist in the wizarding world, and not one has come close to even diagnosing what was wrong. They just said it was a virus.’ Amos crossed the room and knelt beside Harry.

'Will it work? Will it really work?' His voice was pleading. Harry nodded and placed his hand on the older man's arm.

'I promise.' the young man said sincerely. Amos nodded and moved to stand behind his wife, as Severus pulled a chair nearby for Harry to sit in. He then moved back over to sit with Draco with Ginny joining them also.

Harry placed his hands flat on Adeline's chest and closed his eyes. Whispering softly, his hands seemed to sink within her before pulling away again, what looked like a ball of swirling air clasped carefully in his hands. Adeline slumped into unconsciousness and Severus darted across the room to clamp a hand over Amos' mouth, and an arm around his waist, lest he disturb Harry's concentration.

'Don't.' he whispered to the other man. 'Trust him. He knows what he is doing.' Amos' shoulders sagged slightly as he watched Harry play with the core of magic between his hands. Every so often a wisp would escape and flutter around, dissipating into the air. As soon as Harry saw he kneaded and moulded the ball so the hole was no longer there. Fifteen minutes later the ball was less than half the size it had been but was swirling steadily within it's bounds with no leaks. He slowly lowered it once more, his hands pushing it gently into it's place, before he opened his eyes.

They all waited, breath held as Adeline's eyes fluttered several times before opening fully. She lifted her head and then sat up fully, before looking at Harry in wonder.

'You did it.' she breathed, hugging him quickly. 'You clever darling. You did it.' gingerly she swung her legs over the edge of the sofa and stood up. Both Harry and Amos reaching to steady her as she swayed slightly. 'I haven't felt so good in months. Outside. I want to go outside.' she babbled happily, tears coursing down her cheeks.

'Don't you think you should change first.' Amos chuckled, looking pointedly at her pink gown and slippers.

'Oh yes. Just a minute.' she said blushing brightly as she ducked through a nearby doorway. Harry hugged Ginny tightly to him, as Amos stepped towards him and took a hand in his.

'I don't know how to thank you, Harry, my boy.' he said brightly. Harry smiled back.

'Just think of it as payback for all you did for me.' Harry replied softly.

'I'll just get my cloak.' Amos told them ducking into the same room the Adeline had gone.

'That was wicked, Harry.' Draco breathed, clapping Harry on the back.

'What does it feel like? Someone's magic I mean.' Ginny asked. Harry shrugged.

'All magic is the same. Whether it is in a body, or an object, or floating around us.'

'What about dark magic? Does it feel different.' Harry shook his head.

'There is no such thing. It is all in the intent of the wielder.'

'What about the Unforgivables? The killing curse? You can't say that isn't dark magic.' Ginny insisted.

'Yes. I can.' Harry said simply. 'If they used it to put wounded animals painlessly out of their misery, would it still be dark?' Ginny looked at him appraisingly for a moment.

'I suppose not.' she admitted.

'And if healers could use the Cruciatus for people who had been paralysed to help re-ignite their nerve endings?'

'Maybe.'

'And the Imperius. It could help people overcome a fear of heights or spiders or such like?'

'Okay, okay. I get the point.' Draco and Severus glanced at each other, snorting softly. They had already been at the other side of a discussion about the ethics of magic with Harry before. When engrossed like this, he never yelled, never lost his temper, and he was always right.

'It's a shame you can't get him into politics.' Draco murmured.

'Too true.' Amos agreed quietly. Startling both men who hadn't realised he had returned.

'Ready?' Adeline said briskly, walking back in. They all smiled as she linked arms with Harry and Ginny and began tugging them, rather forcefully they thought for someone who had been practically bedridden an hour before, towards the door.

Several people glanced their way as they passed through but the group took no notice. Amos ducked across the courtyard and into his office for a moment before rejoining them by the Quidditch pitch.

'My goodness, the sky is so beautiful.' Adeline breathed and the others had to nod their agreement. The blue stretched as far as the eye could see with just the odd cloud drifting lazily by.

'Up to a fly?' Draco challenged Harry, eyebrow raised.

'Really?' Harry's eyes were wide. 'But I don't have a broom.' he said sadly.

'I'll get some.' Amos volunteered, walking swiftly towards the broom shed. Harry was practically jumping out of his skin as they waited for the man to return. His expression turned icy, however, when they finally saw him, a broom in each hand and Ron following close behind with one in his. Amos handed Ginny and Draco one each as Ron stepped towards Harry.

'I...I thought you might want it back.' he stammered, handing the broomstick over. Harry took the proffered broom and looked at it carefully.

'My god.' he breathed, running his fingers over the name. 'You kept it all this time?' he said incredulously. Ron nodded. 'Why?' Ron shrugged, his eyes filling with tears that he desperately blinked away.

'I thought you might want it back some day.' he said softly. 'You always were a better friend to me, than I was to you.' he added,

before spinning on his heel and sprinting back up to the castle. Harry continued staring at the broomstick in his hands.

‘My Firebolt.’ he whispered. ‘He kept my Firebolt.’ Severus smiled and wrapped an arm around his shoulders.

‘Sometimes, even people you think you know can surprise you.’ he said softly. Harry just nodded and took several deep breaths before looking up.

‘I wish they wouldn’t change though, Father. Just when I have them set in my mind they change and it is just so confusing.’

‘Maybe a more private talk between yourself and Mr Weasley and Mrs Granger might be in order.’ Severus suggested. Harry shrugged.

‘Maybe.’ he said non-committally.

‘Come on.’ Draco yelled, interrupting Harry’s melancholy state, and practically dragging him into the air. Ginny soon followed as Harry managed to get his broom under him before Draco dropped him. He noticed Severus walk with Amos and Adeline over to the stands as he zoomed upwards.

His love of flying surged through him and Harry closed his eyes and let out a whoop of joy. He zoomed around the pitch, in and out of goalposts, barrel rolling and diving towards the ground. He flew straight up, stopping at the brooms limit and dropping backwards, feeling the moment of weightlessness before gravity took him back towards the ground. He spun the broom and headed straight down, speeding directly down towards the earth.

‘HARRY.’ he heard screamed both in his head, and out loud, as he came within feet of the ground before pulling up sharply.

‘What?’ he yelled innocently. Draco and Ginny were both glaring at him and Adeline had her hand over her heart in shock. His main problem though, was currently stalking across the grounds towards him, face twisted in a combination of worry and fury.

'Harry James Potter. Don't you ever, ever do that again.' Severus roared, stepping up to stand an arms length away from Harry.

'Do what?' Harry asked innocently.

'That. That plunging towards the ground with no hope of stopping.' Severus hissed.

'I stopped didn't I.' Harry said nonchalantly. 'Besides it was just a Wronski Feint.'

'That was no Wronski Feint, Harry.' Draco said sternly. 'That was just plain suicidal.' Harry shrugged.

'Whatever.' Severus rolled his eyes and grabbed Harry from the broom, hugging him tightly.

'I repeat, don't do that again. You have to remember just how old I am now. Any big shock could kill me.' he said sternly. Harry snorted at the last sentences but enjoyed the comforting embrace all the same.

'Alright.' he promised. 'Can I go back up now?' he pleaded pulling away. Severus nodded and smiled.

'Yes, not too much longer though. We have things to do this afternoon.' Harry nodded and leapt back onto the broom and took off like a rocket.

'Come on Draco, bet you can't catch me.' he yelled over his shoulder. Draco glanced at Severus and rolled his eyes.

'Definitely a sixteen moment.' he drawled before shooting off after Harry.

'Wait for me.' Ginny yelled, chasing after them.

They flew around and around, and in and out of each other for over an hour before Severus called them down.

'Don't know why Father over reacted like that.' Harry grumbled as they walked back from the broom shed.

'I think he felt not only his horror but Ginny's and mine as well and it kind of tipped him over the edge.' Draco explained.

'It did look dreadfully scary, Harry.' Ginny said, slipping an arm around his waist. 'From our point of view, anyway.'

'And don't forget it's been awhile since you been on a broom.' Harry nodded acceptingly.

'Yeah. Sorry if I scared you.' he said softly. Draco smiled and slung an arm around Harry's shoulders. Even after almost twelve months of good food and exercise Draco still towered over the dark haired man. Draco and Ginny exchanged a smile as they walked briskly towards their father.

Twenty feet away Harry stopped. Draco looked at him quizzically but Harry's eyes had glazed over. A few moments had passed when Harry suddenly grabbed his head and collapsed to the ground, a blood curdling scream ripping through the air around them.

There you go. I know I promised another chapter of Scrolls of Malarde but it is just too confusing to write both at once. I will have another up as soon as I can. But please let me know what you think of this one. I imagine there is probably two or three more chapters to this story but you never know. Every time I've said that it has just kept going and going.

Thanks again for reading.

Regards,

Mione.

Chapter 10 - Three o'clock

Twenty feet away Harry stopped. Draco looked at him quizzically, but Harry's eyes had glazed over. A few moments had passed when Harry suddenly grabbed his head and collapsed to the ground, a blood curdling scream ripping through the air around them.

'Harry.' Ginny screamed, instantly dropping by his side and trying to pry his hands from his head but Harry continued writhing on the ground as the vision took him. Severus had seen Harry go down and sprinted across the grass within seconds.

'Oh my god.' Draco whispered as Harry's scar split open and blood began pouring out.

'Father, do something, please.' Ginny pleaded, tears coursing down her cheeks. Severus looked at Draco and nodded, the blond instantly running back up to the castle. Amos and Adeline had followed Severus at a slightly more sedate pace and watched in mounting horror as Severus gathered Harry into his arms and tried to stop him practically shredding the skin off his face with his fingernails.

'Harry, listen to me.' Severus whispered harshly. 'It's just a vision. I know it's hard but don't fight it and try come back to me.' Harry continued to struggle as at Severus' nod Amos knelt down and grabbed both of Harry's hands, pulling them away from his face.

'Oh god, Harry.' Ginny whispered as Adeline wrapped her arms around the younger woman. By now a rather large group had gathered and Ginny and Adeline tried to shield them both as much as they could. Ginny, seeing Remus, Ron and Hermione watching beckoned them over.

'Help us.' she begged. 'He wouldn't want them all watching.' The three professors nodded and helped by making a human wall as the Aurors, who had run from the Ministry, moved everyone much father back at Amos' command. Draco finally came back and, panting heavily, handed Severus four vials. But before he could administer them, Harry flung himself backwards with a savage wrench and, as Amos was still holding tightly to his arms, everyone nearby heard the distinct cracking sound as his shoulder snapped. The Deputy Minister

instantly let go of Harry's arms and scrambled backwards, gasping in horror. Hermione and Adeline screamed and both Ron and Draco, faces instantly turning green, stepped away and threw up onto the green grass behind them.

'Oh Merlin.' Remus breathed, dropping to the ground with a thump. Whether the vision was over, or Harry had passed out from the pain, no one knew, but suddenly he just went limp.

'Harry?' Ginny whispered. Severus ignored her, handing the vials back to a very pale Draco, before standing with Harry in his arms, and walking as swiftly as he could towards the castle. The large audience parted in appalled silence as the group walked through. The sight of the blood still dripping from Harry's head and leaving a bright red trail on the grass behind them, stopping anyone from saying anything.

'Poppy.' Severus yelled as they swarmed into the hospital wing.

'Merlin's beard.' Poppy swore as she took in the sight of the man lying on the bed.

'His shoulder. Fix his shoulder first.' the tall man ordered.

'What happened to it?'

'It broke.' Severus ground out.

'How?'

'For god sakes woman, does it really matter. Just do it.' he hissed as Minerva burst through the doorway. Adeline and Hermione had sat Ginny down on a nearby bed. The red head not even realising Hermione was touching her. Distress and worry for Harry plainly evident on her face.

'This is the worst one yet.' Draco whispered to Severus, who nodded sharply, running a hand through his hair.

'Worst one? He's had other ones?' Ron questioned.

'Yes, Mr Weasley. He used to have them during school, remember.' Severus sneered. Amos was standing slightly off to one side, still looking anxiously at Harry as Poppy tried to mend his shoulder. Severus noticed and walked over.

'Merlin Severus,' Amos breathed, tears leaking from his eyes. 'Can you even imagine how much that would have hurt?' Severus gave him a small smile and shook his head, placing a comforting hand on the man's arm.

'Don't even worry about it. Harry won't remember any of it anyway.'

'Really?' The practically pleading note to the other man's voice showed Severus just how disturbed Amos had been at the thought of the pain he had caused Harry.

'Really.' he assured him. Poppy, having fixed the shoulder, moved quickly across the room gathering pain killing potions as Ginny grabbed a cloth and began wiping the blood of Harry's head.

'He never had a vision during the day before.' Ron said.

'Yes he did.' Hermione looked over from where she was sitting beside Ginny. 'Fifth year, during the OWLS. The History of Magic exam, remember?' Ron looked thoughtful.

'Oh yeah.' he said softly. Remus ducked in then, closing the door softly behind him.

'There's a mob outside, wanting to know if he's alright?'

'I'm fine.' Harry croaked, opening his eyes and surveying those in the room. Severus snorted and sat gingerly on the edge of the bed.

'Oh yes. Really fine.' he snorted softly, tenderly cupping the young man's cheek. 'That was quite a scare.' he continued. 'Do you want to talk about it?' Harry's eyes dropped and he shook his head.

'No.' he rasped, turning to look at Amos. 'but if you send some Aurors to Cliffshead you will know all about it.' He looked around him once more and grimaced.

‘God, I hate this place.’ That said he turned onto his side and closed his eyes.

‘We’ll see you later, Severus.’ Amos and Adeline whispered. Severus just nodded in reply, his eyes still fixed on the sleeping form beside him. Ginny continued gently wiping the blood from Harry’s face with a warm towel as Draco pulled a chair up beside his godfather.

‘That wasn’t very nice.’ he whispered.

‘Since when was Tom ever nice.’ Severus snorted. Ron and Hermione had sat themselves quietly on a nearby bed, concern for their old friend, visibly transparent.

‘He must know we are here then.’ Draco said softly. Severus nodded, brushing Harry’s hair back off his face.

‘I would agree with that assessment.’

‘He was trying to weaken him then?’

‘Would agree with that one too.’ Draco glanced over at the Gryffindors who didn’t seem to be listening.

‘Do you think he will still come?’ he asked hesitantly. Severus glanced over at him and smiled.

‘Yes.’ he said firmly. ‘He wants Harry dead as much as Harry wants him the same way. He’s obsessed with him. If Harry had stayed here after getting out of Azkaban I believe this battle would have taken place a year ago.’

‘Why didn’t he just go to Azkaban?’ Severus shrugged slightly.

‘I believe the old snake wants a large audience when he finally rids the world of the Boy-Who-Lived.’ he said simply. Harry snorted softly, alerting the others to the fact that he wasn’t really asleep.

‘Harry.’ Severus scolded. ‘It isn’t polite to eavesdrop.’ Harry snorted again, rolling over and bringing Ginny down onto the bed beside him.

'Excuse me, but you were talking about me and sitting right next to me. Besides, you both talk loud enough to wake the dead.' he added mischievously. All four snickered softly at the morbid humour, not even noticing the flinch from the two on the nearby bed.

'Harry, are you alright?' Draco asked with concern.

'I'll be fine, Draco. As hideous as it sounds, other than the pain, I'm quite used to seeing the death and destruction the old bastard sends me. It has been like that for almost twenty years, after all.' Harry smiled and drew Ginny closer.

'However, I am suddenly very tired and should really get some sleep, otherwise Tom will have succeeded in his task and all may be lost.' That simple statement finished the conversation as Harry turned back, over burying his head in Ginny's neck and using her hair as a sort of shield so that Ron and Hermione couldn't see him feed. Severus stood and patted Harry gently on the shoulder, placing a soft kiss on Ginny's brow, who smiled and winked at him, before taking Draco's arm and walking from the wing, although not before charming a curtain around the bed to give them some privacy.

He smiled inwardly as he heard Ron and Hermione get to their feet and follow them out.

Harry turned up late at dinner that evening, still slightly pale, but walking swiftly and steadily towards the head table. Ginny was already there, as were Draco and his father, a full plate sitting next to them complete with warming charm. He'd ignored the whispers as he strode in, hair still wet from his shower. He winked and grinned at Draco, dropping a kiss on both his father's and Ginny's cheeks before sitting down next to her.

'Did I miss anything?' he asked, cutting into the roast beef in front of him. Severus shook his head.

'Not much.' he replied, idly sipping from his goblet. 'Apparently the students were very impressed with their new accommodations, in spite of the fact that they now all had to share.' Ginny snickered. Harry glanced at her and she leaned towards him conspiratorially.

'The seventh year Slytherins had the crap beaten out of them, muggle style, last night by the Gryffindors when they refused to share the common room.' she chortled as Draco glared at her. Harry raised an eyebrow at his father.

'Really.' he commented wryly, turning back to his wife.

'Any other good gossip?' he asked with an amused expression.

'Well,' she began, completely ignoring the glaring blond opposite, and obviously quite in her element. 'The Ravenclaws and Hufflepuffs got together while said thrashing was taking place, and began redecorating the common room in their own house colours. The other two houses, seeing what was happening stopped fighting and began firing off charms themselves until an all out war was raging and McGonagall had to come down.'

'What happened next?' Harry asked enthusiastically.

'Well,' Ginny snickered, trying to stifle her laughter long enough to finish the story, 'She said that if they couldn't work together to have the common room in all the house colours, she would make it all one single colour. One that wasn't any of their colours.' Harry gaped at her.

'She didn't.' he said breathlessly.

'She did.' Ginny snorted. Harry looked over at Draco and Severus who looked back blandly, before saying one word in unison.

'Purple.'

Harry burst out laughing, his deep guffaw reverberating around the hall.

'Purple?' he snorted loudly. 'She charmed the whole room purple?' Ginny nodded.

'Walls, floors, everything.' she sniggered. Harry clutched his stomach, roaring with laughter, as tears streamed down his face.

'It's sacrilege.' Severus muttered, Draco nodding firmly in agreement. Harry only laughed harder, getting up, and staggering around the table to stand beside the Deputy Head's chair. She stood up and turned to face him, asking if everything was alright. Harry just shook his head and threw his arms around her, much to the shock of all. Minerva stiffened slightly as she locked eyes with Severus and he snorted inwardly at the expression of panic on her face.

'Thank you.' Harry snickered, releasing her and returning to his seat, muttering about purple walls and such like. Minerva just continued to stare after him until Hermione jolted her out of her trance and pulled her back into her seat.

'What an earth was that about?' Ron whispered.

'Don't know.' Hermione shrugged. Minerva smiled softly as Harry caught her eye.

'I believe Mr Potter has just been informed of our new combined house colour.' she said quietly.

'Oh.' Hermione said, snickering softly as well.

'Good morning.' Harry said to the assembled Aurors, Unspeakables and Order members spread out in front of him. He had gone to bed early the previous evening and was feeling bright and alert. Severus had insisted that Harry drink from all three of them that morning. He was hoping that the combined blood from his immediate family would help Harry keep control over the next thirty six hours. He would insist it again this evening, and tomorrow morning as well. Harry was worried about feeding off his father so much, as Draco was still feeding as well, but Severus insisted he would be fine. As their Sire, he replenished blood almost instantly when his offspring drank.

'The day is almost here and we need to go over just where everybody will be.' he said calmly, completely in control of his emotions and the situation.

'Tom will arrive at three o'clock.' Harry told them.

'How do you know?' an Auror in the front row called out. Harry glanced down at him.

'I just know.' he said firmly.

'How can you just know? What happens if he turns up early and we aren't ready yet?' Harry sighed.

'If you wish to try and be alert for the entire day, feel free. But I will not let everybody become complacent by standing around and looking at nothing when we know when he is coming.' Harry insisted. 'Quite apart from that fact.' he continued. 'If any of you had bothered to look deeper into every attack over the last sixteen years you would have noted that they had occurred at either three o'clock in the morning or three o'clock in the afternoon.' Whispers broke out across the hall.

'I would imagine.' Harry yelled, waiting until the noise had died down to go on. 'Tom would keep to this schedule.'

'But why three o'clock. What is so significant about that time?' Kingsley called out. Harry glanced at his father, who nodded. The hall was so silent now you could have heard a pin drop.

'I do believe that Tom would think it were fate to banish me from this world at the same time of day that I arrived.' Harry said quietly. 'and I was born at three in the afternoon.'

'Bloody hell.' Ron swore loudly.

'Quite.' Harry agreed. 'That is why I know he will be here at three o'clock. And I am sure it will be the afternoon.'

'What now?' Tonks asked.

'Well, tomorrow the students together with Professors Sinistra, Trelawney and Vector will stay in the dungeons all day. I will ask Hogwarts to seal them in.'

'What?' Harry ignored the Auror's question and continued on.

‘The House Elves will be the only ones with access. I will let them out when it is all over.’

‘What if you die?’ came the blunt question.

‘I won’t.’ Harry said coldly.

‘But if you do?’ the voice insisted.

‘The house elves and Professor McGonagall will have the ability to let them out then as she will hold the wards.’ He didn’t say that it would actually be his father holding them if something happened to him. He imagined Minerva sounded so much better to this lot.

‘All Ministry personnel and their families, including the Minister.’ Harry glared at Fudge willing him to disagree. ‘will remain in their two towers until everything has settled down.’

‘And us?’ Damien Blackhawk, the head of the Aurors asked.

‘Two full compliments waiting in Hagrid’s hut as they can come around behind the Death Eaters from there. The rest can wait in the greenhouses. Unspeakables, I will leave it up to you where you want to be as I imagine you can look after yourselves, and make the best of any situation. Members of the Order.’ Harry said, glancing over the crowd before him.

‘Your one and only task, is the defence of the castle. I have placed extra wards on the grounds that will not allow Tom or any of his followers to leave once they are inside. As soon as they realise this they will head for somewhere that is easy to defend. That will be the castle.’ He looked around the room once more. Looking into the faces of those who had waited years for this day. Those who would have had it long before had they not betrayed him. His eyes narrowed sharply.

‘Now, listen carefully, because I will say this only once.’ Harry ground out, his expression darkening. ‘Stay far away from me and my family. Our task is the most difficult, and dangerous, and I won’t be held responsible for any accidents because one of you was stupid enough to get in between me and Tom. You don’t understand how my magic

works, and you don't need too. Just stay out of my way and tomorrow this will all be over and we can go home.' That said, he hopped up off the table and headed out of the hall, Severus, Draco and Ginny following quickly.

'I don't know if the last part was really necessary.' Severus scolded quietly as they returned to their rooms. Harry shrugged.

'Don't care.' he said simply. Ginny giggled and linked her arm through his. Severus opened the doors and ushered them through.

'I think you should rest this afternoon.' he said gently, pushing Harry towards his room.

'But there is so much to do.' Harry countered. Draco snorted, rolling his eyes.

'Everything is ready.' Severus assured him. 'You have done well, my Son.' Harry looked up into his father's deep black eyes.

'Father, I want to go home.' Harry whispered. Severus' expression softened as he drew Harry to him.

'I know, Son.' he whispered. 'As soon as your destiny has been fulfilled we will leave. I have no greater wish to stay here than you do.' Harry hugged his father tightly.

'Come on, Harry.' Ginny said, gently laying a hand on his arm. 'You really should rest. I'll come with you.' Draco snorted again.

'Oh yeah, he'll really rest with you in there.' he drawled. Ginny glared at the blond but Harry just grinned smugly at him.

'You're just jealous cause you're not getting any.' he smirked, dragging Ginny into the bedroom and shutting the door firmly behind him.

'Silencing spells.' Draco yelled, before flouncing onto the sofa in a huff. He looked up several minutes later to see Severus still looking at him, that elegant eyebrow raised in question.

'I hate it when he's right.' Draco grumbled. Severus mouth twitched numerous times but he managed to stop himself from laughing openly.

'Chess?' he asked Draco nonchalantly. Draco looked up again and glared at him but nodded anyway.

'Should we wake them for lunch?' Draco asked, two hours later, gesturing towards the closed door. Severus shook his head.

'I imagine Ginny has relieved any, uh, stress, that Harry may have had, and he should be able to sleep quite soundly now for a number of hours.'

'Eww. Sev. Do try to be a little less liberal with the graphics, if you don't mind.' Draco groaned. Severus just smirked at him and called for a house elf.

An hour later they had polished off a platter of sandwiches and two jugs of pumpkin juice and were patiently playing a fourth game of chess, when a tapping at the window drew their attention. Severus waved his wand, opening the window and allowing the owl to fly in. It perched on the arm of Severus chair, and waited as the man removed a parchment from its leg before flying back off through the open window. Severus unrolled and scanned the parchment quickly.

'Bollocks.' he swore, leaning back and pinching the bridge of his nose.

'What is it?' Draco asked, looking at him curiously. Severus sighed and handed the parchment over. He watched as his godson read through it, incredulity, the most prominent expression to cross his face.

'Are you going to tell him?' he asked finally. Severus shook his head abruptly.

'Hell no.' he hissed vehemently.

'Don't you think he would want to know?'

'Probably.' Severus admitted. 'But his state of mind is so good these last couple of days. I don't want him to focus on anything else. You are not to say anything either.' Draco looked piercingly at his godfather for several moments before nodding slowly.

'I will do as you ask, however, I can't help but feel a sense of foreboding. I believe this is something he should know before tomorrow.' Severus shook his head again.

'It's your move.' he said brusquely. Draco sighed and pushed away the dark feeling that had overcome him, obediently leaning forward to continue the game.

I know this one is quite short but I want to keep the battle all in one chapter and it would them be far too long. To keep you all happy I should have it to you in a day or two.

Now, can anyone guess what was in the letter? I am rather interested to know if anyone can guess correctly.

Thanks again.

Regards,

Mione.

Chapter 11 - All magic is the same.

Harry followed Damien Nighthawk and Minerva down towards the dungeons, Ginny's hand clasped tightly in his. Dinner had finished many hours ago and midnight had long since passed. Trelawney, Vector and Sinistra were inside the new rooms with the students, and Severus and Draco were finishing the last of several healing potions while they had the chance. The group of four stopped at the entrance to the common room and Harry drooped Ginny's hand, stepping forward, placing his hands on the stones either side of the portrait and closing his eyes.

Minerva and Damien, not having seen Harry constructing the new dormitories, watched in wonder as the stones under Harry's palms seemed to ripple and sway, and soon, just like in Diagon Alley the stones grew inwards, covering the portrait until it could no longer be seen. They heard him mutter several times under his breath but it wasn't loud enough to hear what was said, before he pulled his hands away and turned to face them.

'It will unseal itself in twenty four hours.' He said solemnly, taking Ginny's hand in his. He thought this would be a better idea than just sealing them in completely.

'Is everyone in position?' Minerva asked as they passed through the Order filled entrance hall. Harry nodded. It was half past two and everyone was on alert just in case Voldemort chose to come in the morning though Harry really didn't think it was likely. The house elves had their instructions to look after the students for the day and St Mungo's had sent all their available Healers, who were currently filling up the hospital wing.

Three o'clock came and went without a sound. Harry standing alone at the top of the stairs outside the castle, not moving for over an hour, as he looked up at the stars and felt the magic around the castle flow through him.

'Harry?' Severus whispered, opening the huge door and slipping through. 'It's after four. He will not be coming this morning. It is as you thought.' Harry tore his eyes away from the stunning night sky and

sent the signal to stand down to the Aurors and Unspeakables hiding around the grounds, before following his father inside.

'What now?' Ron asked as they stepped through the door. Harry gave him an odd look.

'Now.' he said softly, turning and walking up the stairs towards their rooms. 'We wait.'

Ginny and Severus fixed breakfast quietly in the little kitchen Harry had created as Draco was searched out Minerva with some last minute questions.

Harry stood silently by the window, looking out over the grounds as the sun rose on the horizon, as expression of deep melancholy on his face.

'Father. Can he do this?' Ginny whispered as they took sight of him. 'He looks so alone.'

'He is alone, Ginny.' Severus said softly. 'Only he can do this. He doesn't know just how deep his connection with Tom goes and I can feel him testing it. He is worried. Scared even.'

'What does his connection have to do with being scared?'

'He's scared that after all these years the connection is too strong. He's scared that for as long as he is alive, then Tom cannot die either as he carries a part of him around in that scar on his forehead.'

'Oh Merlin.' Ginny whispered, two tears escaping her eyes and running down her cheeks. As one they both crossed to the window, Ginny winding her arms around him from one side as Severus did the same from the other. Harry looked at them both in turn, his eyes bright.

'Love you both.' Harry whispered, kissing Ginny softly as his father placed a gently kiss of his own on Harry's scar.

‘You will come through this.’ Severus said firmly. ‘and then we will all return to New York where you can tease Draco about his lack of women to your heart’s content.’ Harry snorted softly.

‘Promise?’ he asked, a mischievous twinkle in his eye. Severus smiled.

‘Promise.’ he replied, hugging them both to him.

It was time.

Harry once again stood at the top of the stairs, looking out over the grounds. Now that it was light he could see the various hiding places the Unspeakables had taken. He knew both the greenhouses and Hagrid’s hut was crammed with Aurors, and Order members had been placed at all entrances to the castle.

A subtle prickling of his scar alerted him to the fact that Tom was nearby. He raised his hand to touch it. It was the signal to the others that he was coming. He soon felt the sharp changes in magic levels as hundreds apparated in just outside the wards. Harry glanced towards the Forbidden Forest. That seemed to be the main direction of the magical disturbance. He raised his hand and pointed, alerting the others to the direction from which the Death Eaters would be coming.

Thankfully, other than a handful at Azkaban, the Dementors had been destroyed by the Ministry many years before, but as Harry felt the level of magic in the air rise significantly he knew it didn’t matter. Voldemort had quite a substantial army at his disposal and by the feel of it, he had brought them all. He felt the tug on his chest as the large group began moving through the wards but was unprepared for the sharp stab of pain that ripped through his head when he felt Voldemort stepped through, and it almost brought him to his knees. Pushing up mental walls at a speed that would have done his father proud, he walked slowly down the steps and across the grounds as dark robed figures swarmed out of the forest.

He stopped and waited, the hundreds of Death Eaters surrounding him. He had purposely worn white robes for this. He was the innocent and he wanted Tom to know it. Harry thought that the Death Eaters

may have played with him while they waited but they just stood there. He could feel his father's concern for him pulsing through his chest.

The lone figure in white stood silent and proud, like a hero from a muggle children's storybook. All too soon the reason for the inactivity of those around him appeared, gliding slowly through the ranks.

'Harry Potter.' Voldemort hissed. 'Finally we meet again.' Harry didn't speak, didn't move, didn't show any expression on his blank face. Voldemort stepped closer and peered into Harry eyes.

'Have you gone crazy from your time in Azkaban, Potter?' the Dark Lord asked softly.

'No.' Harry said bluntly.

'Ah, he speaks.' Voldemort cackled, his followers joining his laughter.

'Why are you here?' Riddle snorted.

'I could ask you the same question, Potter.' The snake like figure walked around Harry slowly, and Harry felt the almost coronary his father had. when he didn't move and allowed Voldemort the unobstructed target of his back. 'So easy.' Riddle hissed.

'But you wouldn't?' Harry replied knowingly. 'You want to look into my eyes when you kill me, don't you?' Harry smiled inwardly at the slight look of surprise on Voldemort's face as he returned to his position facing Harry.

'For Merlin's sake, Harry. Stop baiting him, before I kill you myself.' Harry heard the practically screaming voice of his father in his head. He closed his eyes for a moment and sent back a wave of calm, just to show he was alright.

'You didn't answer my question Potter.' Riddle hissed.

'Which one was that, Tom?' Harry suddenly felt a sharp pain tug at his soul but Voldemort began speaking to him again and he returned his mind to the task in front of him.

'Don't call me that, Potter.' Riddle spat. 'Why are you here? You hate these people. They all betrayed you. Left you to rot in Azkaban prison like a common murderer.'

'Like you, you mean.' Harry growled. The Dark Lord's eyes narrowed. 'I'm not doing it for them.' Harry said simply.

'Well then, who are you doing it for?'

'Me. And my family.' he added. A slow smile spread across Voldemort's snake like face. It was a smile that Harry didn't think he liked the look of.

'Ah, yes. You family.' he said, grinning wickedly. 'I've heard all about your family. Your father, that traitorous piece of filth.' Harry flinched, causing Riddle's smile to widen. 'Your new brother. The traitorous son of one of my most loyal servants. And of course, the daughter of a muggle lover. I hear you're married now, Potter.' Harry didn't move, instead glaring at the red eyes in front of him. Movement at his left caused Harry to turn his head and what he saw almost stopped his heart.

'Harry?' he heard his father call.

'Not now.' he sent back.

'Harry listen to me.' Harry couldn't even process the sounds of anguish coming from his father as he took in the sight in front of him.

'Shut up.' he practically screamed back through his mind, as his heart leapt into his throat.

Hagrid was stomping towards him, a limp Ginny in his arms, her bright red hair trailing. This hair began dragging on the ground as their Polyjuice potion wore off and in Hagrid's place stood a much shorter figure in a dark cloak. The figure dumped Ginny on the ground at Harry's feet, before stepping back and removing his hood to display long white blond hair, and a smirk Harry would recognize anywhere. Although this was a much older version of it.

'You were in Azkaban.' Harry breathed wide eyed.

‘Not anymore.’ Malfoy replied.

‘Well done, Lucius.’ Riddle said proudly, ignoring Harry.

‘Thank you, My Lord.’ Malfoy drawled in response. Harry ignored them both.

‘Ginny?’ Harry whispered, dropping to his knees and gathering her in his arms. ‘Ginny, wake up. Please wake up.’ Harry begged. He could feel his heart clenching as his father’s distraught emotion flowed through him.

‘She won’t wake.’ Riddle sneered.

‘Now not a lot can drop a vampire, but personally, I find the killing curse rather effective myself.’ Lucius drawled. Harry’s head shot up.

‘Oh god, Harry,’ he heard in his mind. ‘I’m so sorry.’

‘That’s right, Potter. If it’s any consolation, she didn’t feel any pain.’ Riddle smirked. ‘Unlike you.’ Harry glanced down at Ginny once more, kissing her softly before banishing her body back to the castle. He rose slowly and raised his eyes to look into the red ones in front of him.

‘YOU BASTARD.’ he roared, closing his eyes and pushing everything away from him in a burst of anger that rivalled any he had ever had before. Those nearest him flew only yards away, but the further the wave of anger travelled, the harder it hit. Harry watched as the Aurors and Unspeakables poured out of their hiding places and began stunning and binding everything in sight, before turning back to the two in front of him who were slowly picking themselves up off the ground.

Harry quickly conjured a wall of magic cutting off Voldemort, Lucius and himself from everyone else. Though they could see that battle going on around them, no one could get in or out.

‘I would have let you live, Lucius.’ Harry said coldly. ‘Well, at least fight for your own life out there. But you have killed one of my own, one of my family, and for that you will pay.’ he swore. Lucius laughed

and raised his wand, sending the killing curse speeding towards him. Harry heard the screams as the green light got closer and closer. Just before it hit him it melted away, the magic fading into the shield Harry had called up.

‘What?’ Even Voldemort looked shocked at this.

‘You can’t block the killing curse?’ Riddle said incredulously.

‘Really?’ Harry just raised an eyebrow. He glared at Lucius and suddenly the blond man was hit by a bright green light of his own and crumpled to the ground. ‘Guess you’re right.’ he smirked, smiling inwardly at the small cheer that came through his mind from Draco. Riddle gaped at the lifeless body of his second in command before raising his eyes to meet Harry’s.

‘Do you give up?’ Harry asked softly. Voldemort stepped closer to Harry so they were less than a foot apart. Red eyes boring into green.

‘I’ll never give up, Potter.’ he hissed. Harry grinned evilly before disappearing into thin air.

‘POTTER.’ Voldemort screamed, whipping around, wand poised. Harry was still right behind him but invisible. He began taunting the Dark Lord. Touching and poking him, in spite of the pain in his head. Voldemort began throwing killing curses when he realised that Harry was still within the walls of their special prison. When they hit his shield they melted away, allowing the Dark Lord to see where he was even if for just one moment.

By now the battle outside had run its course and all of the Death Eaters had been killed or captured. The uninjured forces of the Light had gathered around the two powerful wizards, Draco and Severus gripping each others arm tightly as Harry continued to bait the most evil wizard on the planet.

‘I hadn’t thought you would fight so dirty, Potter.’ Riddle growled. Harry appeared right next to him, startling the Dark Lord.

‘Dirty is as dirty does, Tom. Give up, yet?’ Voldemort glared at him. ‘Come on, Tom. Look around you. You’re all alone, everyone else is

dead.' Harry gestured to the Aurors and Order member's standing around, wands at the ready, and all with identical looks of triumph on their face. 'It's over. The fat lady has sung.'

'It's over when I say it's over, Potter.' Riddle growled, narrowing his eyes and hurling curse after curse at Harry. Harry ducked, even though he had the shield and closed his eyes, bringing his hands up towards the figure in front of him. His hands opened, fingers moving as if searching for something as he slowly got closer and closer to the Dark Lord. Suddenly his hands snapped closed tightly and Voldemort froze, arms by his sides, wand tumbling to the ground. An expression of great pain crossed his face as, with a great lunge backwards, Harry appeared to yank the core of his magic right out of his body, before an inhuman shriek tore through the air as his body burst into flames. Several screams filled the air as the burning figure of the Dark Lord tumbled to the ground.

Harry opened his eyes and raised his hands above his head. The dark threads of Voldemort's magic tightly clasped in his hands. He let them go and they floated upwards, changing and glowing into a bright white before dissipating into the air around them.

'All magic is the same.' he said softly, lowing his eyes and surveying the shocked looks around him. 'All magic is the same.' he repeated.

Suddenly he heard a cry and saw a green light out of the corner of his eye. The next moment a pain unlike any other ripped through his chest and threw him to his knees. He quickly dropped the shield, gasping for breath, and allowed the wall to waft away. Something deep down inside told him not to turn around. His chest was pounding, breaking, but it wasn't until he heard the pitiful whimper from Draco that he finally stood and turned.

'Oh my god.' he breathed, stumbling back several paces. There, lying not twelve feet from him, was his father, with Draco kneeling over him, crying. Standing six feet past the prone figure, wand raised and an indifferent expression on his face was Albus Dumbledore. Harry gasped and half fell to the ground, catching himself at the last minute and practically throwing himself the distance to his father's crumpled form.

'Oh, Father.' Harry cried, the people around them looking between Albus and Harry in horror. 'Please no.' he keened, as Draco wrapped his arms around him. 'Oh god no. Come back, please.' he begged, laying his palm against the still warm skin. The Aurors were wide eyed and the Order members expressions flicked between disbelief and dread. Suddenly Harry's head snapped up and he looked straight at Albus.

'Why?' he hissed. Albus shrugged.

'No one should have as much power as you do, Harry. It unbalances everything.' Dumbledore said quietly. Minerva and Hermione were crying as were most of the female members of the audience but Harry didn't even notice. His world currently consisted of his now dead father and the old man.

'But why him?' Harry cried. 'He never did anything to you. He looked after me, he cared for me. HE LOVED ME.' Harry screamed, a look of utter desolation on his face.

'I knew if he was gone, you would not be far behind.' Dumbledore said simply. Most of those watching were gaping at the old wizard. Harry looked around into their shocked faces.

'What do you think of you precious leader now.' he spat, rising unsteadily. Shaking Draco's arms off he stumbled the six paces and fell at Dumbledore feet, grabbing the man's wrist and pointing the wand directly at his chest.

'Do it.' he hissed. Dumbledore's eyes widened.

'Harry, no.' came the horrified cry from Draco behind him.

'Do it.' he croaked harshly, tears streaming down his face. 'You know you want to.'

'Harry, please no.' Hermione's voice joined in Draco's pleading.

'What's wrong?' Harry yelled. 'Don't want to kill the saviour of the wizarding world in front of everybody?' The grip Harry had on Dumbledore's wrist became tighter as the air around them began

buzzing and crackling and, as one, the group moved backwards slightly.

‘They won’t care. Will you?’ he tossed over his shoulder. ‘They let me to rot away and die once. Why wouldn’t they let me die again.’

‘Harry, please don’t.’ Draco begged, still cradling the lifeless form of his godfather in his arms. Harry stared deep into the headmaster’s eyes, filling his head with images of his life with Severus and practically forcing the Legilimens on him.. What the man had done for him over the last seventeen years. How much he had helped him. How much he had loved and cared for him. Albus flinched at the pictures and stumbled sideways, but Harry didn’t let the death grip he had on the old man’s wrist, instead pulling the hand towards him until the tip of the wand rested on top of his heart.

‘See what you have taken away.’ he growled. Albus blinked several times. It had seemed like such a good idea before.

‘DO IT.’ Harry screamed, violently as several trees around the Forbidden Forest exploded in a shower of leaves and bark.

‘Harry.’ Draco called again.

‘Please, just do it. I beg you. Just do it.’ Harry pleaded, all the anger and fight suddenly draining from him as the realisation that both his father and Ginny were dead finally washed over him. Draco whimpered, lowering Severus’ body to the ground and crawling towards Harry.

‘Harry.’ his voice broke as he grabbed the other man from behind. ‘Please don’t leave me too.’ he whispered softly in his ear. ‘I don’t have anyone else.’ Hermione, having stood there, her fist in her mouth, snapped out of her stupor and stepped forward, prying the wand out of both men’s grasp, as Kingsley and Tonks moved to take Dumbledore back up to the castle. As soon as the old man turned away, Harry turned and slumped into Draco’s arms.

‘Oh god.’ he whispered as his gaze fell once more on his father.

The group around them was completely silent as, with a nod, Hermione and Minerva came to comfort Draco. Harry stood, his eyes burning with tears, as he walked towards his father. Slowly he bent down and gently lifted the dead weight into his arms. He sucked in a breath as he looked down into those empty black eyes, as Severus' head came to rest on his shoulder. He stared down at the pale face, remembering the man who had done so much for him. One who had done more for him, than any other.

'Harry?' Ron was standing a few feet from him. Harry looked up and Ron actually stepped back a pace at the look of desolation and grief that filled the emerald eyes. 'Can I do anything for you?' he asked softly. Harry glanced down again and shook his head.

'No. Thank you.' he said hoarsely. Turning and moving towards the castle with Severus in his arms. He waited as Draco removed himself from Hermione's embrace and joined him, before the two men walked away, leaving a shell shocked group behind them.

'Bloody hell.' Ron swore.

'What in Merlin's name happened?' Minerva asked, trying to sort out in her mind what exactly had just transpired.

Draco gave the password and Harry carried Severus through to the bedroom, laying him on the bed alongside Ginny.

'Oh god, Harry.' Draco breathed and Harry turned to look at him.

'I want to go home.' Harry whispered as the tears poured down his face. Draco instantly moved to catch him as Harry dissolved in front of him. Sobs wracked his thin frame as Draco held him tightly. Eventually Harry leant back and let out an anguished scream that tore through the castle, breaking windows in spite of the unbreakable charms, and sending the portraits running from their frames.

'What the hell do we do now?' Harry cried. 'I don't know what to do. He said he would always be here. I don't know what to do.' he repeated, pulling away from Draco and taking his father's rapidly cooling hand in his. 'You said you would be here.' he screamed at him. 'You promised. You bastard, you promised me.' Around the

room furniture began to break and mirrors shattered. Draco grabbed Harry shoulder's spinning the other man to face him.

'Harry. Stop.' he commanded. A large crack appeared in the ceiling above them and Draco quickly pulled Harry to his chest, pushing the dark head down onto his neck hard until he felt Harry's fangs pierce his neck. Things continued to explode around them and Draco was looking at the ceiling in concern, but soon there was silence. The only noise in the room being the soft sobs that continued to leak out of the broken man in his arms even as he drank. Draco continued rocking Harry in his arms, his own tears streaming down his face and soaking the shoulder of Harry's shirt.

Eventually he felt Harry pull away from his neck and go limp in his arms and he realised the other man had fallen asleep. Gently he lifted and carried Harry through to his own room and laid him on the bed. He summoned a blanket and lay it over the sleeping figure before sitting quietly on the edge of the bed. Draco looked down at the tear-stained cheeks and his heart clenched.

'I don't know what we're going to do, Harry.' he whispered, brushing the black hair back off Harry's face. 'But I will promise you this.' he added solemnly. 'I told Sev I would look after you and I will. As soon as you are able, we will leave this place and go home.' Leaning forward and kissing Harry softly on the forehead as he had seen his godfather do, he was pleased to see a slight softening to the grimace on the other man's face. He stood slowly and left the room, running his hand through his hair as he walked to the window and looked out over the grounds. He could see the Aurors and Unspeakables cleaning up the aftermath of the battle as reporters swarmed onto the grounds.

'Sev.' Draco whispered. He couldn't believe it. When they received the owl from St Mungo's saying that Dumbledore had checked himself out. He told his godfather that Harry should know, but Severus had disagreed and now he was dead. He grasped at the throat of his shirt as a huge wave of loss broke over him. He sunk to the floor, turning slightly so his back was to the wall, and began sobbing until he thought his heart would break.

Up until a few months ago Severus had been all Draco had had. His mother dead and his biological father in prison. For over ten years Severus had been the only family he had had and in spite of everything, or maybe because of it, Draco didn't make friends easily. He thanked Merlin now that he had Harry. He still had a family even if it was just one person. It had been Harry who had convinced Severus to turn him, truly make him a part of their family and he decided then and there he would be there for Harry as much as he could.

He knew what Harry was and what he could do. Harry would never survive on his own. Or the rest of the world wouldn't, anyway.

The insistent knock snapped Draco out of his stupor, and he quickly threw up a silencing spell around the room Harry was sleeping in, before opening the door. Ron, Hermione, Minerva and Remus all stood there, side by side just outside the door.

'What?' Draco said listlessly, squeezing his eyes shut as a headache suddenly had dark spots dancing in front of his eyes.

'Are you alright?' Hermione asked. Draco just raised an eyebrow. 'Sorry. Stupid question.' Draco nodded and blinked several times.

'Headache.' he told them.

'Draco,' Minerva began. 'You have to believe us. We didn't know. We thought he was still in St Mungo's.' The blond sighed.

'It's alright. I know you didn't. Whipstaff sent Sev.' Draco gulped. 'He sent him an owl yesterday.'

'Did Harry know?' Ron asked, looking behind into the room. Draco stiffened and glanced behind him, letting out a sigh of relief when he saw Harry still fast asleep on the bed through the open door.

'No. He didn't. I will tell him later. When he settles down a bit.'

'How is he?' Remus asked hesitantly. Draco rolled his eyes.

'How do you think he is,' he growled. 'He just lost his wife and his father. Two of the only three people he had in the world. Idiot.' he added under his breath.

'He has us.' Hermione offered quietly. Draco's eyes snapped up and he glared at them.

'No. He doesn't.' he said harshly. 'He had you once. A long time ago. But do you honestly think that he could trust any of you ever again. Trust you with something as important himself. His emotions, his well being. I don't think so. You all know what he is. Do you think he could trust you not to manipulate that.'

'You can't just keep him in there for yourself, Malfoy.' Ron griped. Draco sent the red head his Snape patented glare.

'That is exactly what I can do, because that is what he wants.' Draco retorted, slamming the door in their faces and throwing a locking charm up for good measure.

'Draco?' came Harry's soft voice from the doorway of the bedroom. Draco whipped around, smiling softly as his eyes locked with Harry's.

'It's alright, they're gone.' he told him. Harry smiled gratefully and walked slowly back to the room he had shared with Ginny. Stopping in the doorway he closed his eyes and pushed, hearing the torches and candles in the room flare to life. Silently he looked down on the two figures side by side in the bed. He felt Draco come up beside him and wrap an arm around his shoulders. He leant into the touch but couldn't help but compare it to his father's. That embrace had been the thing that had held him together all these years. Draco squeezed his shoulder.

'It's not the same, I know.' he whispered perceptively. Harry lifted his eyes and smiled slightly.

'Thank you.'

Harry and Draco sat quietly in the sitting room. Draco had placed preserving charms on both figures in the bedroom, and was just waiting until Harry decided what he wanted to do. The sun had risen

an hour ago, and they could hear shouts and yells from outside on the grounds as the students, realising that they were free to leave the dungeons, were making up from the lost day and celebrating the downfall of the Dark Lord. Classes were cancelled for obvious reasons, and Draco imagined the rest of the staff were rushing around madly trying to decide what to do.

Draco had tried to get Harry to eat something and although he had refused solid food he did feed off Draco for about fifteen minutes.

After those two words in the bedroom Harry hadn't spoken again and Draco had drifted off to sleep. The blood loss from the feeding making him sleepy. He woke six hours later to see Harry still sitting in the exact same position. Draco was worried. Harry looked like death itself. Frighteningly pale, even for a vampire, with enormous black circles under his eyes. Draco could see his hands shaking as tremors continued to wrack his body. They had heard several knocks on the door during the night but had answered none of them.

Draco had just begun to doze off once more when another knock sounded, this one seemed to be a signal and Harry actually glanced at the door this time, before nodding at Draco to answer it.

'Harry?' came the tentative voice as Adeline and Amos walked through the door. Harry turned to face her.

'Addie.' Harry choked, sobbing once more as the elderly woman quickly crossed the room and wrapped her arms around him in a motherly embrace.

'Oh god, Harry, Draco. We are both so sorry.' Draco just nodded, swallowing several times as he refused to cry again. Amos walked into the little kitchen and quickly made some fresh tea, before sitting down on the sofa next to Draco and passing the cups out.

'Come on sweetie.' Adeline coaxed. 'Just drink a little bit. You will feel so much better.'

'I don't want anything.' Harry whispered hoarsely, pushing the cup away.

'I'm sure Draco would feel so much better if you just had a little bit.' she insisted. Harry turned his tear filled eyes towards the blond, who gazed back imploringly. Harry sighed and nodded, accepting the proffered cup and taking several sips. The enormous sigh of relief from Draco would have been quite comical in any other situation. Silence reigned for several minutes before Harry spoke again.

'What happened?' he whispered. Adeline glanced at Amos who shook his head. 'Tell me, please.' Adeline sighed and set her cup back on the table.

'The uproar afterwards was quite large as you might imagine.' Harry nodded. 'Dumbledore has been arrested and taken to the Ministry for questioning. Apparently Healer Whipstaff was successful in curing whatever had been wrong with him. Cell regeneration potion or something.' Draco barked out a short burst of laughter.

'Sev and I invented that potion.' he said bitterly, in response to the questioning looks.

'Anyway, The staff at St Mungo's were keeping him there until this was all over at Severus and Minerva's request, but somehow he got wind of it and just got up and walked out.'

'So it wasn't just the wards?' Draco asked. 'He had planned this.' Adeline shook her head.

'No. It wasn't just the wards.' she said softly. Harry's fist had become clenched so tightly around his cup that it suddenly shattered, causing the others to jump. Harry just sighed and pushed hard, causing the pieces to float themselves over to the bin, not even noticing the blood flowing steadily from the cut on his palm. Adeline just watched this display of apathy with anxiety, glancing at Amos before raising an eyebrow in question. Draco grabbed a hand towel from the kitchen and knelt before Harry, pressing it against the wound to stem the flow of blood, before cleaning and closing it with a quick spell.

'Thanks, Draco.' Harry said hoarsely. Draco smiled and sat down next to him. 'What else?' he asked them and Amos continued.

'As soon as the reporters arrived things began happening. Kingsley and Tonks turned over the proof your father gave them back in New York, and as Fudge was still sealed in Gryffindor Tower until the very early hours of this morning he couldn't stop it getting out.'

'Next?' Draco asked, his interest definitely peaked.

'Well, it was in the Evening Prophet of course, along side a picture of you Harry kneeling in front of Albus with his wand pointed at your heart.' Harry's head snapped up.

'What?'

'You don't remember?' Draco said bluntly. Harry looked at him quizzically.

'Remember what?'

'Remember throwing yourself in front of the old man and begging him to kill you.' Draco said wryly, although the depth of emotion in his voice betrayed his real feelings. Harry just stared at him wide eyed.

'I....I really did that.' Harry stammered. Draco nodded. 'Oh god, I thought it was a dream.'

'Sadly, no.' Draco whispered.

'Father would have killed me.' Harry said to no one in particular. Draco snorted softly.

'I believe he already had that down on his to do list after he listened to you bait the Dark Lord.' he drawled. Harry glanced up into the amused grey eyes in front of him.

'Thank you.' Harry whispered. 'Thank you for saving me from myself.' Draco smiled, his eyes softening.

'Sev did mention that I may have had to do that at some time in the future, but I didn't expect it so soon or quite in that way.'

'Quite.' Harry added sadly.

'Anyway.' Amos jumped in before Harry fell into another melancholy daze. 'Fudge has been arrested and they have asked me to step in as the new Minister.' Harry eyes brightened slightly.

'That's great.' he smiled. Amos chuckled.

'What was even greater, however, was the looks of disbelief on their faces when I said no.' he snickered. Harry and Draco both gaped at him.

'What? Why did you say no?' Draco asked.

'Very hard to be Minister from halfway around the world.' Amos said briskly. Harry looked between the elderly couple, realizing there was something he wasn't getting, and a look at Draco's face showed that he didn't get it either.

'Halfway round the world?' Harry said quizzically. 'Where are you going?'

'To New York, silly.' Adeline grinned, hugging him tightly around the waist. 'We're coming with you. For a while at least. If you'll have us of course.' Harry was hesitant to answer but Draco beat him to it.

'Are you kidding? That's great.' he burst out. For the first time in twenty four hours Harry felt that maybe finally something was going right. He hadn't wanted to say yes in case Draco didn't want what were essentially two strangers in the apartment, but it seemed that his concerns were unfounded.

'Well, I don't know about you two but we are ready to leave when ever you are.' Amos said. 'I can't imagine you want to hang around here any longer than necessary.' Harry shook his head firmly.

'No.' he cast a hesitant glance towards the closed bedroom door. 'What about Ginny and Father.' he said softly. Amos smiled.

'Don't worry. I will take care of everything. Severus had spoken to me in case anything should have happened. I know what his wishes were, I imagine that he would want the same for young Ginny.' Harry nodded and swallowed several times.

'Well, lets get packing.' Adeline said, standing and pulling Harry up off the sofa.

'Let's blow this joint.' Draco grinned. Harry sucked in a breath and looked at him.

'Father was right.' he said softly. 'You had been spending far too much time with Ginny.'

Three hours later they were ready to leave with all of their trunks and other belongings shrunk and placed in various pockets. The Diggory's had changed into muggle clothing similar to what Draco and Harry were wearing but all had donned black travelling cloaks over the top. They would walk to Hogsmeade and apparate to London as they had done when they arrived less than a week ago. Had it only been that long. To Harry it felt like a lifetime.

Floating behind the sombre group were two ornately carved coffins which were booked together with the four on an Air France flight to Marseille first thing the next morning. Severus had asked to be buried in the gardens of his long time friend, and Ginny was to be buried next to him. Amos had arranged everything, Harry was not sure how, but he was very grateful.

Children and adults alike parted quickly and unbroken silence followed in their wake as Draco and Harry made their final walk through the corridors of Hogwarts, hands clasped, each silently vowing never to return. Amos and Adeline walking close behind as Amos kept his wand steadily pointed at their precious cargo. They had thought of shrinking them, but no one could stand the thought of casting the spell, let alone carrying the end result in their pocket.

'Mr Potter, Mr Malfoy.' Minerva said, obviously having been alerted to their departure and waiting for them in the entrance hall. Hermione, Ron, Remus and the rest of the Weasley's all nearby.

'Professor.' Harry nodded politely.

'Thank you. For everything.' she whispered. Harry just nodded.

'The wards have been returned to the castle.' Draco told her.

'I know. I felt it. Goodbye and good luck.' she said genuinely. Harry turned away and came face to face with Kingsley, Tonks, Mud and Arabella.

'Didn't go quite how we'd hoped.' Kingsley said quietly.

'Not quite.' Harry sighed heavily. 'Thank you.' The four Aurors nodded and moved out of the way, as the group walked towards the doorway.

'Harry?'

'Hermione, don't.' Ron scolded. 'Just let him go.' Harry felt Draco's comforting hand come to rest on his back as he stiffened and turned to face the group.

'Good bye.' he said softly turning to go once more. Just as they reached the doors he stopped once more.

'If you need anything.' he heard them holding their breath. '**Don't** come and find me.' he finished and disappeared quickly through the doorway.

Harry, Draco, Adeline and Amos stood staring down at the two mounds of freshly turned earth where Severus and Ginny now slept peacefully till eternity. Each had said several words before Amos removed the preserving charm and filled both holes with soil.

Gaston, Severus' old friend, beckoned the older two over to him as Harry dropped to his knees once more. He leaned over and placed a hand on each of the graves.

'I love you both, so much.' he whispered, brokenly. Draco knelt beside him as Harry began carving words into the gravestone with his mind. When he had finished they placed two roses each on the headstone and walked slowly away without looking back.

'Thank you, Gaston.' Harry stammered. The wily old Frenchman just took Harry's hands in his.

'I will take good care of them.' he promised. Harry smiled and placed an arm over Draco's shoulders.

'We know you will.' he said softly.

'Goodbye, Little One, goodbye Draco.'

'Goodbye.' the two young men bid him in return, before catching up with Amos and Adeline and apparating away. Gaston shuffled over to see what Harry had written.

Beneath this mound lie Severus Snape and Ginevra Potter.

Our light, our love, our family.

May you both find the peace in death that had been so lacking in your lives.

We will remember you always.

Gaston felt the tears fall slowly down his cheeks but didn't move to wipe them away, instead just staring at what was written over and over.

Harry actually felt his heart lift as he spied the Manhattan skyline from the window off the plane. Amos and Adeline had kept their mind off everything quite well as they asked to have everything muggle explained to them. Even though Draco had had to bundle Harry into the bathroom once so that he could drink to calm himself, the plane trip went by quite quickly.

Soon the key was turning in the lock and they were home. Draco walked in first, quickly showing the Diggory's to the guest room as Harry just stood in the doorway and stared. Everywhere he looked he could see reminders of what had been, and he felt a sense of loss and hopelessness wash over him once more. Draco felt it too and quickly returned, pulling Harry into the room and closing the door behind him.

'This is going to be hard.' he told the other man. 'But it will get better with time, I promise.' Harry nodded and gulped.

'Home.' he whispered.

'Home.' Draco smiled.

That's it. The End.

I told you it would make you cry. Now if you wish to review please try not to swear at me for killing anybody. I really don't like it and it is not exactly what you would call constructive criticism. It is my story and that is the way I have written it. If you want Sev or Ginny alive, read one of my other stories. By now you should know that I always kill somebody off.

Just to let you know, there is only 11 chapters to this story. I have asked FF to remove the phantom number twelve.

Sorry. I shall get back to the Scrolls of Malarde now.

Thanks again for reading. I enjoyed writing this so much.

Regards and with much love.

Mione.